

## *Léon Frederic, Belgian Painter*

**A** BELGIAN PAINTER: LEON FREDERIC. BY FERNAND KHNOFF.

"THE work of Léon Frederic asserts itself with force; it is at once homogeneous and varied; it springs from a supreme conscientiousness. The sacred rhythms of labour endow it with the religious significance of a sort of perpetual pantheist festival, magnifying the two forces—God and his creatures—in relation to Earth. Thence his work takes the fulness and the unity of those productions wherein one recognises the hand of a great artist. And although he may not have created a concrete type of art, after the manner of a Millet or a Meunier, his lucid spirit of observation has enabled him to realise in their general truth and their essential physiognomical particularities the Walloon and the soil he inhabits."

Thus it is that M. Camille Lemonnier, in his fine literary and critical work, "The Belgian School of Painting: 1830-1895," sums up his appreciation of the works of the Brussels painter.

Léon Frederic was born in Brussels on the 26th of August, 1856. His father, a jeweller by trade, lived in the Rue de la Madeleine, in the centre of the town, his house being so small that it would not comfortably hold his numerous family, consisting of five children, four of them boys. His business had improved rapidly; consequently it was necessary, little by little, to devote almost the whole place to the purposes of the workshop—which was, in fact, what the whole house eventually became. The household was thus called upon to sacrifice its comforts and its pleasures, and the children had to be sent away—some to boarding-school, and others to stay with relatives in the country.

Little Léon, when less than six years old, was first sent to Uccle, a village in the neighbourhood of Brussels, and then to Melle, near Ghent, where he was taught at the Institut des Joséphites, remaining a pupil at that institution till he had reached the age of fifteen.

The visits of his parents were necessarily few and brief. The child soon began to suffer keenly from his loneliness, and his character became strongly concentrated. He grew timorous and silent, and remained indifferent to the attractions of the life of his fellows. Meanwhile, recalling his early years spent in the country, he felt growing within him a profound admiration of Nature, as revealed to him on all sides.

"At last" (writes M. Du Jardin, in his important work on Flemish Art) "the lad reached his fifteenth year. The father, like all business men a positive type of person, then began to think of a career for his son. The boy has already shown some inclination towards art. Good. Nothing could be better! He should become a painter-decorator. At once he made him a pupil-apprentice of Charles Albert, a Brussels decorator, well known at the time. But



"LA PENSÉE QUI S'ÉVEILLE"

BY LÉON FREDERIC



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his apprenticeship was not destined to be of long duration. Alexandre Robert, the 'romantic' painter, was a friend of the Frederic family, and said he to the father: 'Make your boy a decorator if you like, but for goodness sake let him learn the elements of decoration, that is to say, drawing; and I know of no better school to teach him the art of drawing, which is of the first importance, than the Académie.' Thus it came about that for a couple of years Léon Frederic attended the Academy classes. At that period Jean Portaels had under his charge a second set of pupils, who attended his *atelier libre*. And it was under the discipline of Portaels that Frederic learned to paint, until the time when the class was disbanded. Then he was free to continue his artistic education with Ernest Slingenever."

Frederic then went up for the Prix de Rome, but was "ploughed" in the preliminary. Nevertheless, his father, being of opinion that a stay in Italy was the complement of all artistic education, gave him permission to visit the classic home of painting, and his visit had a considerable influence over the young artist. As Octave Maus in "L'Art Moderne" very justly remarks: "If I had to fix the spiritual ancestry of Léon Frederic I should be inclined to seek it, on the one hand, among the Italian masters of the sixteenth century—Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, or some other such painter equally frank and thoughtful; on the other, among the old Flemish painters who were passionately fond of the direct study of Nature, and who, from sheer joy of painting, discovered in the intimate life around them sources of inspiration which were constantly being renewed. The Italians would seem to have bequeathed to him, together with a regard for harmony of setting, an inclination in the direction of the mystic charm of womanly and childish beauty. From the others he derives that love of the beings and the things around him, which he reproduces unceasingly with the most scrupulous exactitude, being convinced that in point of beauty Nature is unsurpassable, and that the greatest work of art cannot attain to the splendour of an open flower, a field of corn waving in the breeze, a bird of variegated plumage, a hurrying of the clouds, a stream flowing between grassy banks. Eugène Fromentin, in 'Les Maîtres d'Autrefois,' has observed that Italian art is 'at home' throughout Europe, save in Belgium, whose spirit it has distinctly influenced but never conquered, and in Holland, which formerly made a sem-

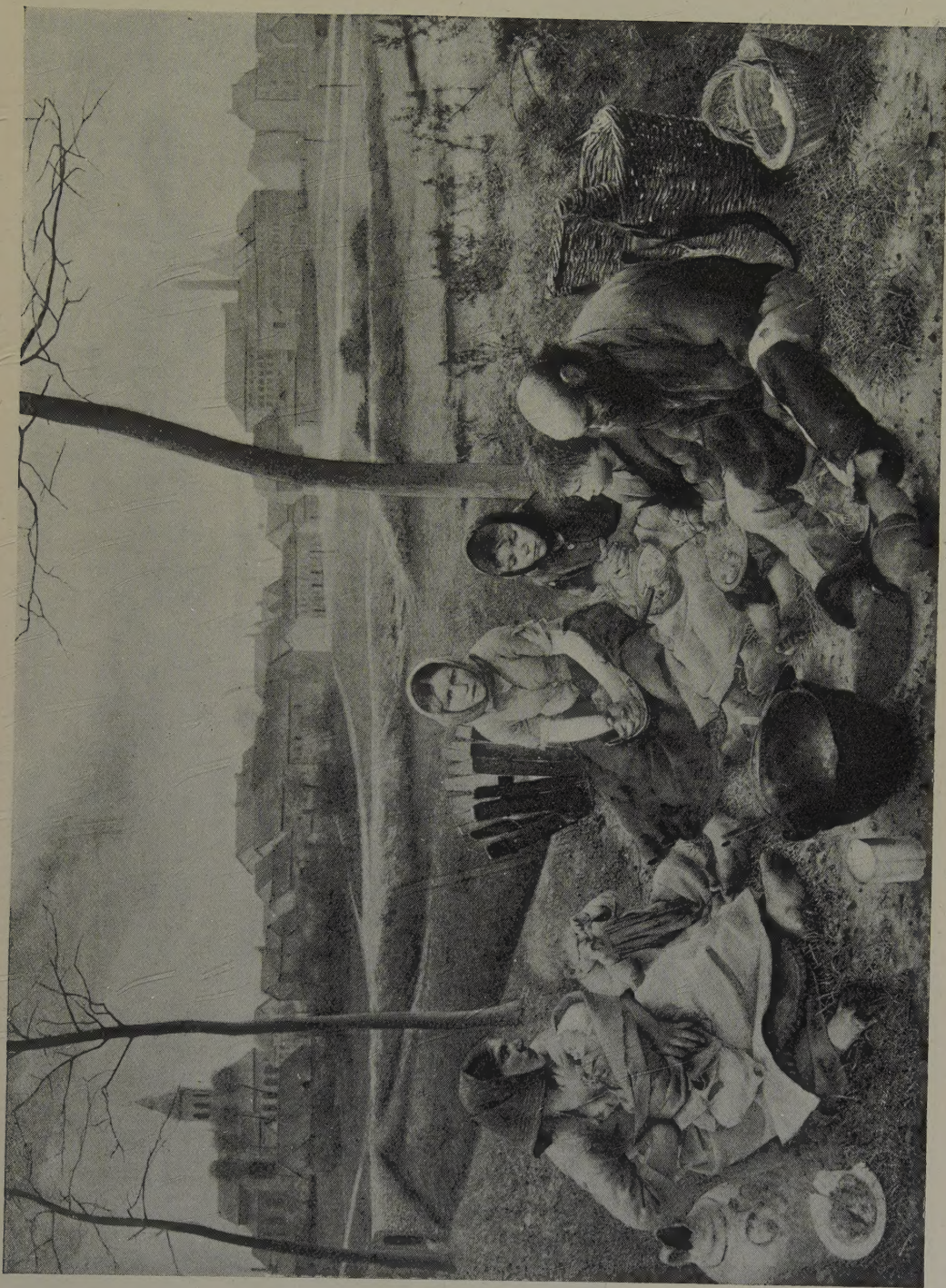
blance of consulting it, and finally passed it by. This is true in so far as it relates to Mabuse, the first Flemish painter to visit Italy, to Van Orley, to Floris, to Coxie, and it was the same with regard to Frederic. The double, and apparently contradictory, influence he underwent invests his art with a very special character. At once idealistic, and yet strongly impregnated with reality, it expresses eternal symbols in the most ordinary language of life. The types by which he is inspired are taken at random and placed on the canvas in all their simple truth of attitude and gesture and feature, with a savour of rusticity at times somewhat acrid, in strong contrast with the nobility of the parts assigned to them. As a poet, Léon Frederic mentally transposes the visions which Nature offers, and, doubtless, when a young mother appears before him in the fields,



"LE CERISIER FLEURI"

BY LÉON FREDERIC





"LES MARCHANDS DE CRAIE"  
BY LÉON FRÉDÉRIC

(Brussels Gallery)



## *Léon Frederic, Belgian Painter*



"LE LIN"

BY LÉON FREDERIC

wayfarer, struggling from morn till eve to earn a living for himself and his children by selling chalk in the outskirts. The story of this miserable life inspired the artist to create his great triptych, *Les Marchands de Craie*, which is now in the Brussels Gallery. It is generally regarded as his masterpiece. On the left panel the painter shows the start in the misty morning; in the centre the family meal by the roadside; on the right the return in the dusk of night. Thenceforward Frederic's intimate knowledge of the life of the poor impelled him to compose a series of pictures, most tender and touching in expression.

Then came an event—a very simple event in a man's life, a mere excursion—which had the effect of suggesting to him new subjects of study. A relative, affianced to a teacher at Nafraiture, a little village in Belgian Luxembourg, invited

some inconscient phenomenon reveals to him the ingenuous silhouette of the Madonna."

One may see in the first works of Frederic exhibited since 1878 traces of the manner of Emile Wauters, whose famous picture, *La folie d'Hugo van der Goes*, had created a profound impression shortly before in the art-world of Brussels. His painting was remarkable at that time for the somewhat theatrical character of its composition, for its fulness of tone, and particularly for its full and simple drawing and touch.

But after 1881 his manner changed, under another influence; his drawing became more minute, more precise, his shades of colour more delicate, his executive work less apparent. It was then that appeared the first triptych of the *Legend of St. Francis*.

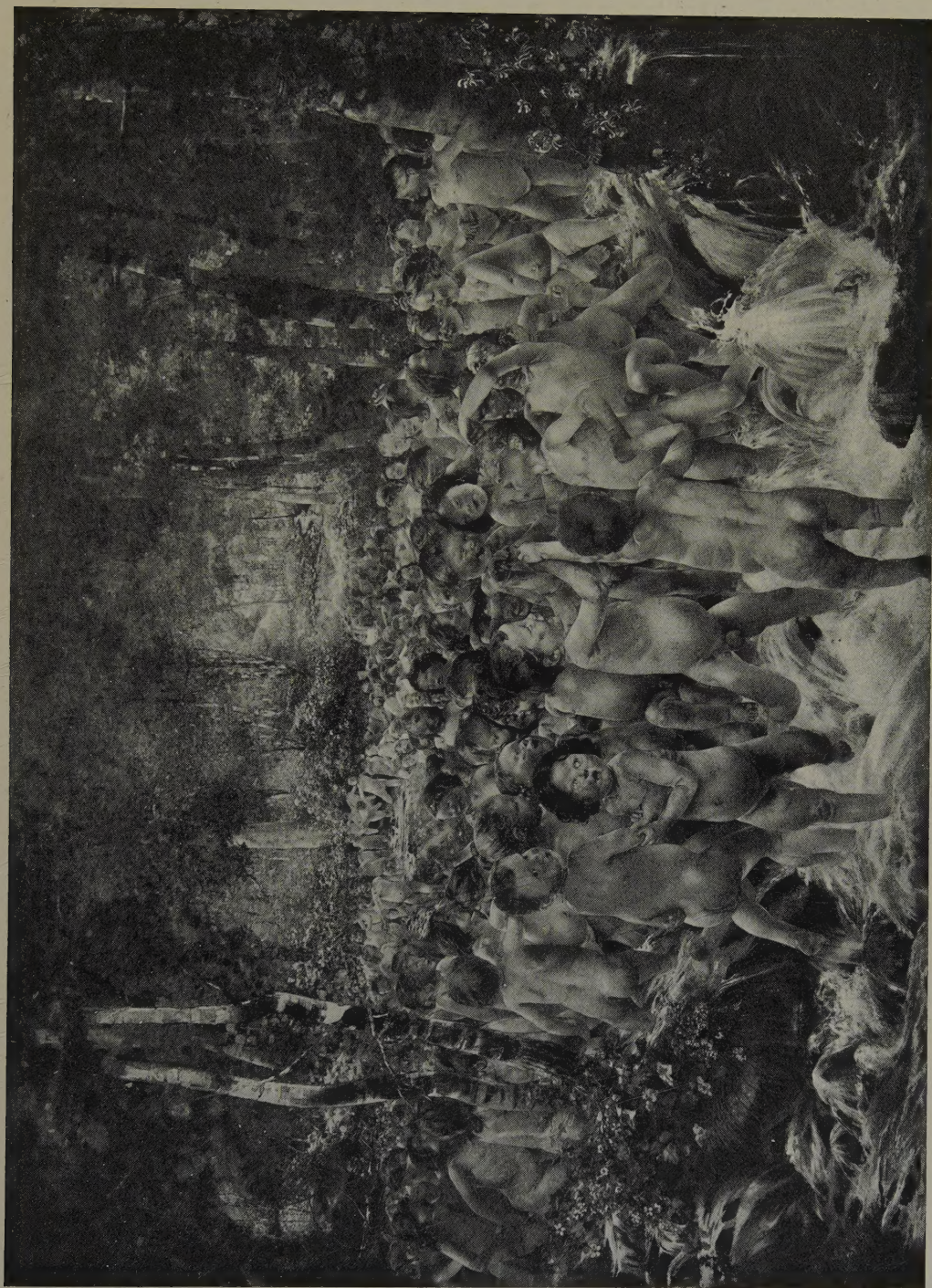
The model he used most frequently at that time was a wretched



"LE LIN"

BY LÉON FREDERIC





"LE RUISSEAU." BY  
LÉON FRÉDÉRIC



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Frederic to go with her and her "intended" on an excursion to that spot. Thus he had the opportunity of visiting the gently mountainous Ardenne, and of studying the simple manners of the inhabitants. Forthwith he produced, among many remarkable works, the *Repas des Funérailles* (1886) and *Les Ages du Paysan* (1887), which are to be seen in the Brussels Gallery.

"Ah, ces Ages!" exclaimed one writer. "Five big pictures, rough and idyllic in their reality, showing peasants—heavy, clumsy, and ugly, if you like—in all the beauty of their true honest naturalness. Here we have the whole people of the fields, from the decrepit, shrivelled-up old folk to the mature and healthy fathers and mothers; the glorious young men and maidens, strolling, affianced, hand-in-hand; the lusty, well-fleshed children and babies, regarding the world with eyes clear and penetrating—some curiously, others with mischief. They are all there simply displayed, seated on chairs, or standing hand-in-hand or couched on the flowery turf. It is infinitely simple this long succession of primitive beings, their eyes showing the graduations of the country life, and recalling the soil of which they are the natural and the august fruit, just as are the crops, the cattle, the birds, and the trees."

The two sets of drawings, *Le Lin* and *Le Blé* (1888–1889), are, so to speak, parallel poems expressive of the simple beauty of the plants containing the principles of the clothing and the nourishment of mankind. In these two series of clever works Frederic represents the successive transformations of the two things necessary to life: linen and bread; and each of these transformations is the subject of a scene, now joyous and animated, now silent and sad.

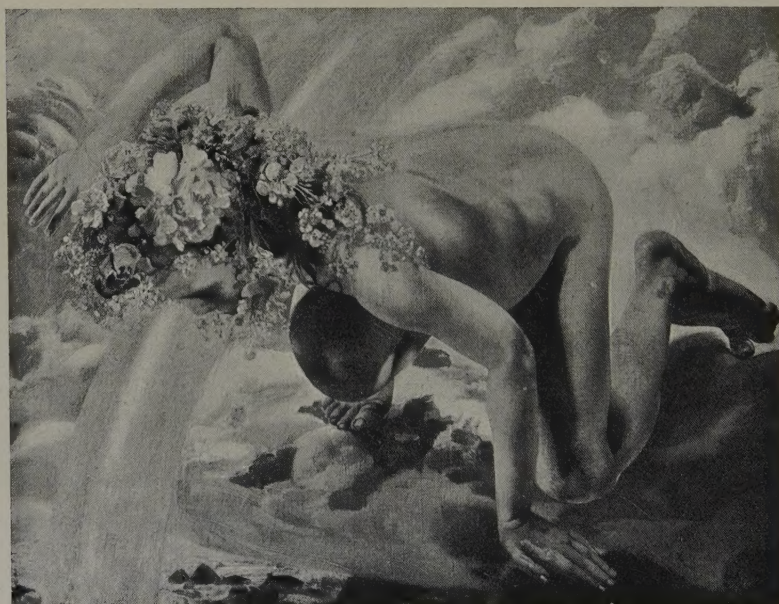
To complete the cycle of the "Life of the Fields" Léon Frederic placed between the two sets of compositions an Allegory of the Earth and the twelve Months of the Year.

"Colossal in its vital strength"—adds the writer—"is his presentment of the Earth!—a peasant woman, heavily handsome. Her breasts hang huge

—breasts which themselves are Worlds. And, groveling at her feet, with outstretched arms, clinging in groups to her body, are men, represented as plump, red-haired children, of almost too robust health, but astonishing in their vitality." Right and left in the background the artist has recalled the principal episodes connected with linen and corn. On the one side, the rolling, the in-gathering, the steeping of the flax; on the other the sowing of the grain, the harrowing and the harvest.

There were also painted in this little village of Ardenne a very curious open-air study, *Le Vieillard qui bénit* (1889), and a work of somewhat strange appearance, entitled *La Pensée qui s'éveille* (1891). At that period certain novel ideas would seem to have developed in the artist's mind: his conception of art appears to have become enlarged, his sympathy for the sorrows of the poor to have taken a more deliberate form. His dream was that the disinherited of the earth should have their fair share of happiness; and he painted a work great in point of effort, but lacking in realisation, *Le Peuple verra un jour le lever du soleil* (1891).

About the same period Frederic painted a triptych of the Holy Trinity for the village church of Nafraiture, the panels representing God the Father (the Last Judgment), the Holy Ghost (Adam and Eve turned out of the terrestrial Paradise), while on the central panel are depicted two angels bearing the Countenance, reproduced on the veil of Véronique. The angels are crowned



"L'ARC-EN-CIEL"

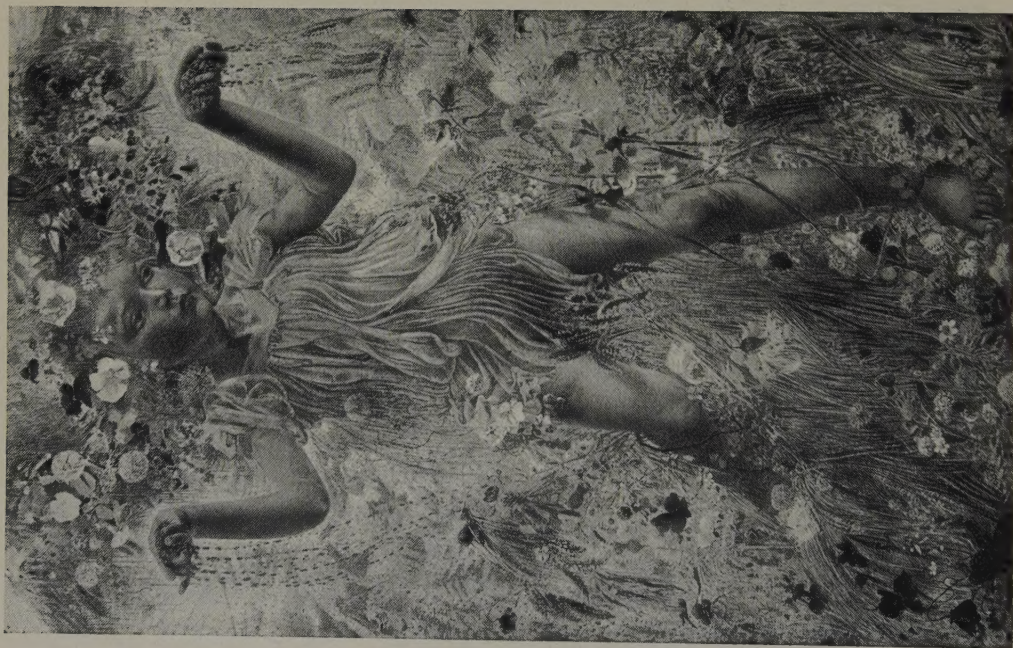
BY LÉON FREDERIC





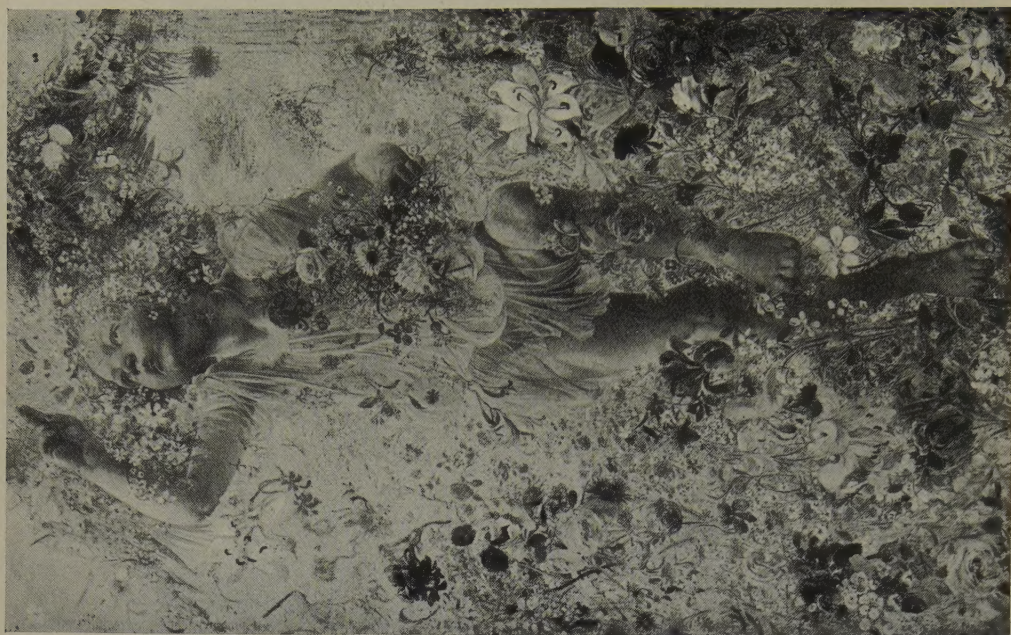
CENTRAL PANEL OF "LA NATURE"  
BY LÉON FREDERIC





“LA NATURE : LE PRINTEMPS”

BY LÉON FRÉDÉRIC



“LA NATURE : L'ÉTÉ”

BY LÉON FRÉDÉRIC





“ LA NATURE : L'AUTOMNE ”

BY LÉON FREDERIC



“ LA NATURE : L'HIVER ”

BY LÉON FREDERIC



## Léon Frederic, Belgian Painter

with thorns, and the bloodstains are abloom with roses.

From that date forth allegorical and symbolical works alternate with what may be termed "documentary" studies. In 1892 we have *La Vanité des Grandeurs*, *La Route Zélandaise*; in 1893 *La Salutation Angélique*; in 1894, *Tout est Mort*, an unfinished polyptych, in which the artist describes symbolically the failure of Justice, Religion and Love. Then *La Nature*, a pentaptych in which each of the Seasons is allegorically represented in the guise of a child in an extraordinary mingling of flowers and fruit, birds and insects.

In 1896 appeared the *Récureuses de Chaudrons*, a charming group of young Zélandaises, painted in a luminous landscape; the *Arc-en-Ciel*; the *Peleuses de Pommes de Terre*, three young girls dressed in red. In 1897 came *Les Ages de l'Ouvrier*, a large triptych which is one of the painter's chief works,

and is now in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. In 1900 Frederic painted the *Conscrits*, a big composition commissioned by the civic authorities of Brussels to adorn the *Salle des Milices* of the Hôtel de Ville; also *Le Ruisseau*, a large triptych containing *L'Eau qui chante*, *L'Eau qui tombe*, and *L'Eau qui dort*; the uncommonly graceful *Cerisier fleuri*; the *Clair de Lune*, a polyptych exhibited at the Salon of the Libre Esthétique, where it was purchased by the State for the Brussels Gallery. Then, in 1905, came *La Mort du payan*, which hangs in the Liège Gallery; and lastly, in 1906, a *Scène de la Vie Villageoise en Ardenne*, displayed at the Ghent Salon, and acquired for the gallery of that town.

In a word, Léon Frederic is indeed a painter of our own time, who has employed to express himself such of the traditional methods as he has judged to be best adapted to his work.



"LES RÉCUREUSES DE CHAUDRONS"



## *The Brangwyn Room at the City Art Gallery, Leeds*



ROOM AT CITY ART GALLERY, LEEDS, SHOWING MR. BRANGWYN'S PANEL, "THE SPINNERS"

In the toilsome life of the peasant and the labourer he has discovered numberless subjects for profound study, because beneath the superficial exterior of his chosen models, beneath the rough skin and the coarse clothing, he has discovered and depicted the human sensations which he understands naturally. His peasants of Ardenne and his workmen of the Brussels *banlieue*, while represented with all possible exactitude, have been used by him to express the activity, the hopes and the struggles of the whole people. His tender sympathy for the poor has impelled him in turn to paint the peaceful, almost solemn, labour of the man of the fields and the lamentable misery of the town beggar. To him the country always appears gentle and smiling, the town always dreadful and desolate. This explains the two aspects of the symbolism which appears in his latest works: on the one hand a goodness, a candour almost childlike; on the other a tender, silent pity.

The art of Léon Frederic, made up as it is of idealistic expression and exact observation, represents a personality in the Belgian School demanding all respect. While some were incredulous as to his work, no one was ever indifferent, and already

his influence is extending to the new generation. His worth will continue to increase in the opinion of those who understand art, because it is not subject to any systematic process.

"All Frederic's works," writes Octave Maus in *L'Art Moderne*, "are conceived and carried out with a conscientiousness worthy of all praise. From the first sketch to the last stroke of the brush all are handled with placid assurance, with uniform certainty. If they are lacking in fancy, in *imprévu*, in passion, the artistic probity they reveal calls for sympathy and admiration. They reflect the artist's pensive soul, his love of truth and justice, the charity of his mind. Therein one finds an echo of the feelings which, in this age of ours, inspire all manly hearts."

F. K.

### THE BRANGWYN ROOM AT THE CITY ART GALLERY LEEDS.

In the number of *THE STUDIO* for May, 1905, I undertook to describe Mr. Brangwyn's scheme of decoration for the British section of Venice's International Exhibition. At the close of this Exhibition



## *The Brangwyn Room at the City Art Gallery, Leeds*

the four panels which formed the frieze were purchased for the City Art Gallery at Leeds, where they have recently been put in place. There is, it seems to me, an evidence of far-sightedness, and of a sense of "eternal fitness," herein disclosed on the part of the Leeds Art Committee. Bearing in mind that the subjects treated in these panels have wholly to deal with various British industries, it seems especially fitting that a great manufacturing city like Leeds should be the possessor of them. Although they are decorations pure and simple, yet they are full of character and of interesting incidents connected with the various branches of industry with which they have to deal, viz.: *Workers in Steel* (a pastel study for which is here reproduced), *Excavating*, *Pottery Making*, *The Smiths* and *The Spinners*. Just how adequately they present their respective phases of present-day life in England is best appreciated by the Venetians, for whose gallery they were painted and whose modern life is so totally different. They certainly carry with them splendid suggestions of the strength and bigness (if I may use the term) of the nation

from which they came, and prove, as the finest examples of the art of any period do prove, that the artist is best found treating his own life and his own time. As I have mentioned in my previous article, Mr. Brangwyn designed the entire room, woodwork and furniture, and this fact made it somewhat difficult to adjust the panels to their new setting. The room at Leeds is an old one, and, owing to the shape of it, it was found necessary to add another panel to complete the frieze. This one, *The Spinners*, has been recently executed, and is here reproduced, together with a number of sketches and studies. This subject is especially appropriate, as this is one of the oldest industries of the city of Leeds.

When one considers that this set of decorative paintings left England two years ago with no other plan than that they were to remain in Venice, it should be gratifying to the British art-appreciating public to learn that a man came forward at the "psychological moment" and took steps to ensure the return of these panels to their native country. This result we owe to Mr. S. J. Wilson of Leeds,



STUDY FOR PANEL AT CITY ART GALLERY, LEEDS

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.





PASTEL STUDY FOR PORTION OF PANEL AT LEEDS  
CITY ART GALLERY. BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.







## *The Brangwyn Room at the City Art Gallery, Leeds*



PANEL IN CITY ART GALLERY, LEEDS

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

who is an enthusiast in matters pertaining to art and who has in his possession a private collection of works of the younger British school.

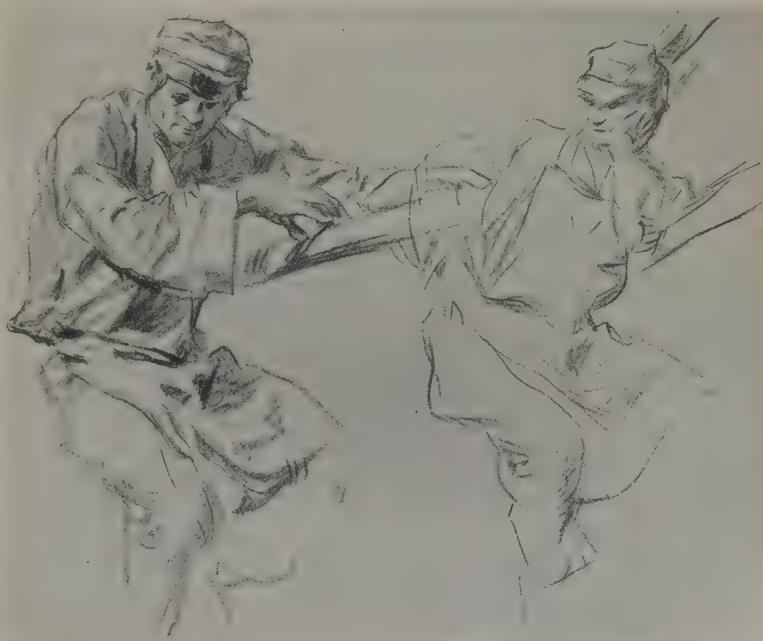
The Brangwyn Room at the Leeds Gallery is most tastefully arranged. The pictures, comparatively few in number, are well hung in the large spaces allotted them, and here I might mention that among these paintings are to be found represented such artists as Stott, Orpen, Walton, Mark Fisher, Priestman, Hornel, and other of England's representative painters of to-day.

The City of Leeds has set an example in the matter of establishing an art museum which might well be emulated by provincial cities in general. Their committees seem to be far-seeing in their selection of pictures, and if they proceed in the manner which they have been following, one might, if he paused to look into a future generation, see a time when Leeds might, on account of its art treasures alone, attract thousands of visitors, just as the little cities of Haarlem, Padua, Mantua, Verona and many other Continental places do to-day, and apart from their own view point in the acquisition of a noteworthy collection, they are doing much to encourage the younger artists of England, which in itself is most commendable.

Before exhausting the short space allotted these notes, I would touch upon the composition and colour scheme of the panels, or rather that of *The*

*Spinners*, as the remaining four have been described in my previous article. The studies in themselves will convey to the reader something of the life and action which the figures possess, and these same figures as they appear in the painted panel carry with them a sense of rhythm which is nothing short of musical in its quality. One can almost hear the hum of the looms and see the play of light and shadow occurring in the gloomy atmosphere of the factory. The suggestion is not in a strict sense modern, for hanging about the looms are curious old lamps giving a golden glow of light on the faces of the workmen.

A dull, grayish blue is the predominating colour, broken by patches of orange and the mellow greys of the costumes of the workmen. But the incident is ever kept subordinate to the larger composition,



STUDY FOR PANEL

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



## *The Brangwyn Room at the City Art Gallery, Leeds*



STUDY FOR PANEL

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

In addition to this and numerous other commissions of utmost importance, Mr. Brangwyn has found time to design and execute a new set of decorations for the forthcoming Venice Exhibition, that the British section may not fall short of the standard set two years ago. These panels treat in the main of modern Venetian life, and reveal that charm of manner and originality of conception which belong pre-eminently to Brangwyn. These I hope to deal with in another number of *THE STUDIO*. A. S. COVEY.

just as the panels themselves are secondary to the pictures hung below. This subordination will be noted in the small reproduction of the wall space containing *The Spinners*.

The exhibition of works by the late James Charles, held last month at the Leicester Galleries, proved a remarkable success, something like a hundred pictures having been sold before the exhibition closed.



DETAIL OF PANEL IN CITY ART GALLERY, LEEDS

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.





STUDY FOR PANEL AT CITY  
ART GALLERY, LEEDS. BY  
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



## *A New Sketching Ground in Norway*

**A** NEW SKETCHING GROUND IN NORWAY. A LETTER FROM MR. W. PETERS.

WHEN you think of Norway I am sure you see glaciers reflected in the sea, or the midnight sun sending its red rays over the landscape, whales ejecting water fountains in the fjords; or you see the winter with the glimmering frosty white snow, girls and boys in bright-coloured dresses running on skis. This is all very pretty, but in pictures it is rather suggestive of Christmas cards. I will not say that it is unpaintable, but it does not give place for art—it becomes vulgar. Why, I cannot shortly tell; but I am sure it would offer an interesting subject for examination: What is picturesque and what is *too* picturesque? I give this question to one of your art critics. Well, what I was going to tell your readers is that Norway is not all glaciers and midnight sun.

Two years ago we discovered, my wife and I, on the south coast of Norway, one of the most splendid sketching grounds we ever came across. Take your map and look at the south-west coast of Norway: you will find a town called Stavanger.

This town is specially known for its fishing and preserves; it has direct communication with England every week by good steamers. From Stavanger, across the Jaedern, to another town, Egersund, is a railway that runs close to the sea. The country is very flat from Stavanger—sand and stones. At the other end of the railway at Egersund the coast is mountainous and very rocky. Between these two places, at Ogne, their different natures meet and mix, giving a most startling and picturesque effect. Mountains rise out of the sands, washed and polished by the sea; the rocks themselves have the most brilliant colouring. Within a few miles one can find every kind of landscape—rocks, mountains, woods and rivers, and, last but not least, the wonderful sands, stretching for miles, over which the North Sea comes rolling in. Every evening the sun goes down in the sea, giving the most magnificent effects.

At Ogne there is an old farm where the last descendant of an old family receives guests, especially artists. I find this part of Norway to be one of the finest new sketching grounds I have seen and worthy to be introduced to your readers.

WM. PETERS.

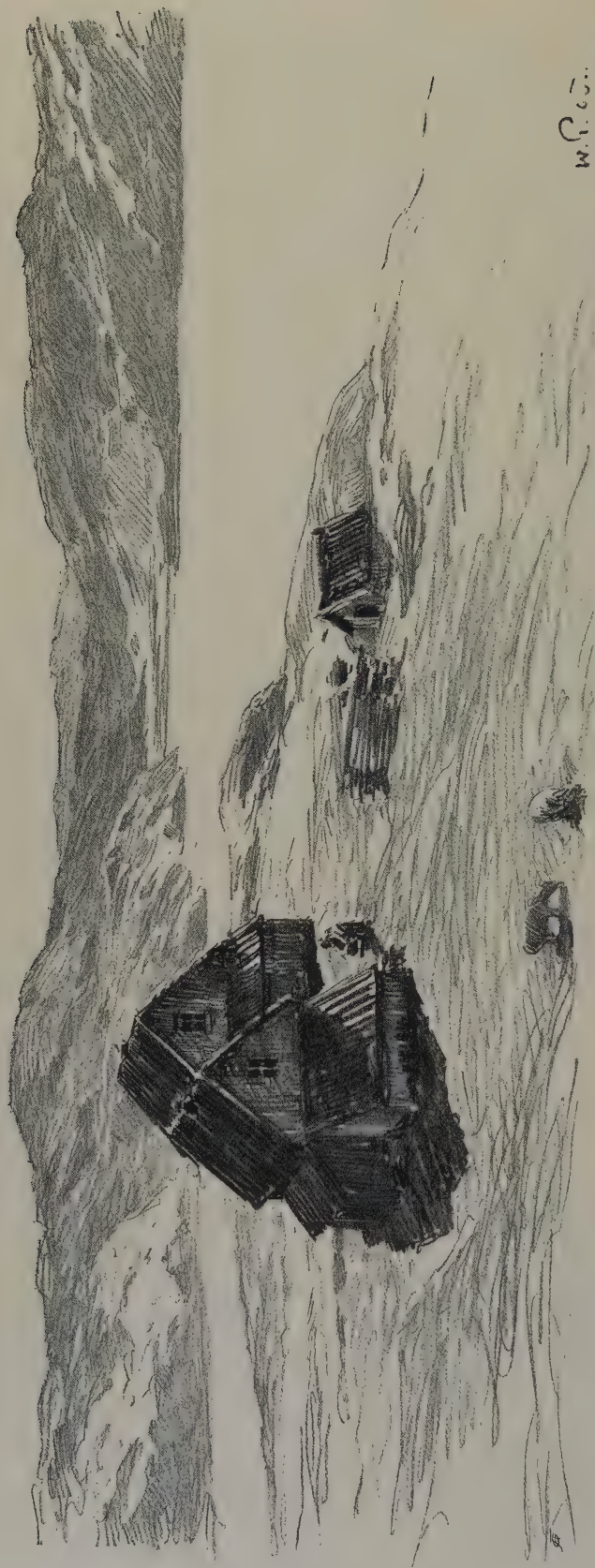




"ROCKS AND SAND, JAEDERN, NORWAY"  
BY WILLIAM PETERS

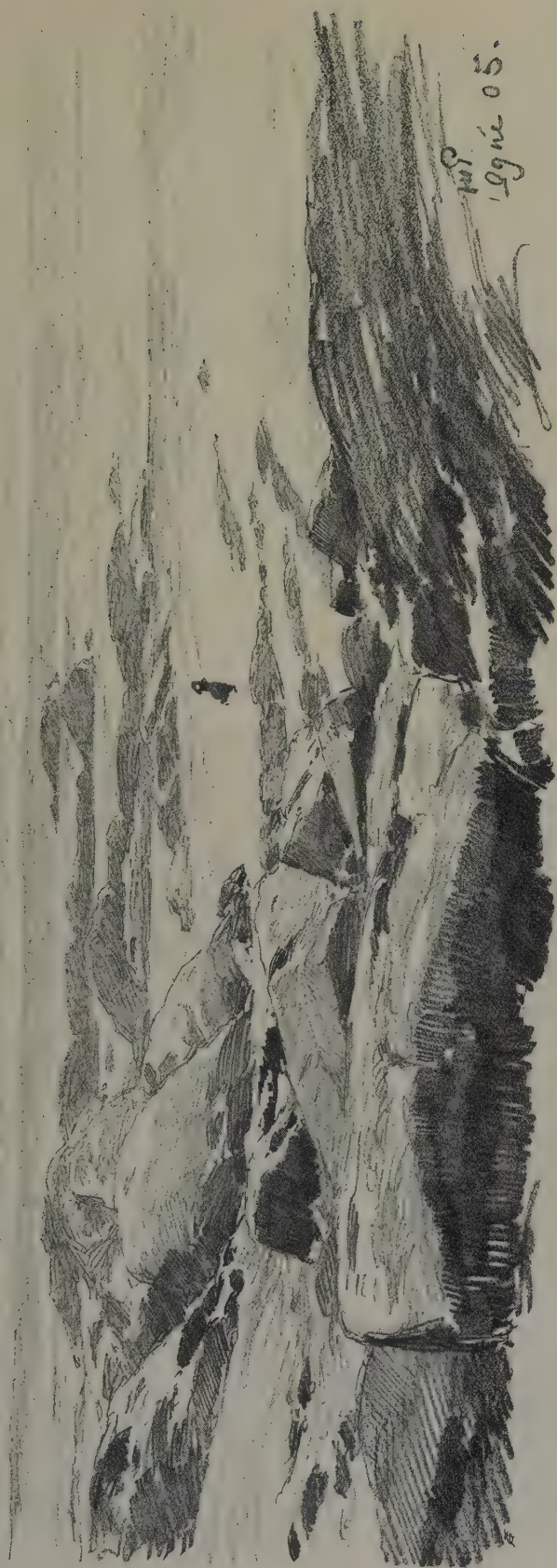






"FISHERMEN'S HOUSES, JAEDERN,  
NORWAY." BY WILLIAM PETERS





"COAST AT OGNE, JAEDERN"  
BY WILLIAM PETERS



*Eliseo Meifren, Spanish Painter*

A SPANISH PAINTER OF TODAY: ELISEO MEIFREN. BY LEONARD WILLIAMS.

I HAVE seen him ill at ease or discontented in a human company; but leaves and waves and grasses are a multitude that make appeal to him. He seems to draw vitality and breath, as well as cheerfulness and sociability, from wholesome sea or country airs. Houses are too narrow for such men as these. Their home is in the open. Thus they feel homesick only when they are at home.

It is good work that Eliseo Meifren is accomplishing in Spain. It is an educative work that he prepares for us—a welcome work of long-neglected education. For the tourist who contents himself with artery-lines of Spanish railway—who dozes in the train between Irun and Cadiz, or between Madrid and Barcelona; who scours with violent and hurried stride the courts of the Alhambra, the Mosque of Cordova, and the gardens of the Alcázar of Seville; this traveller has not seen

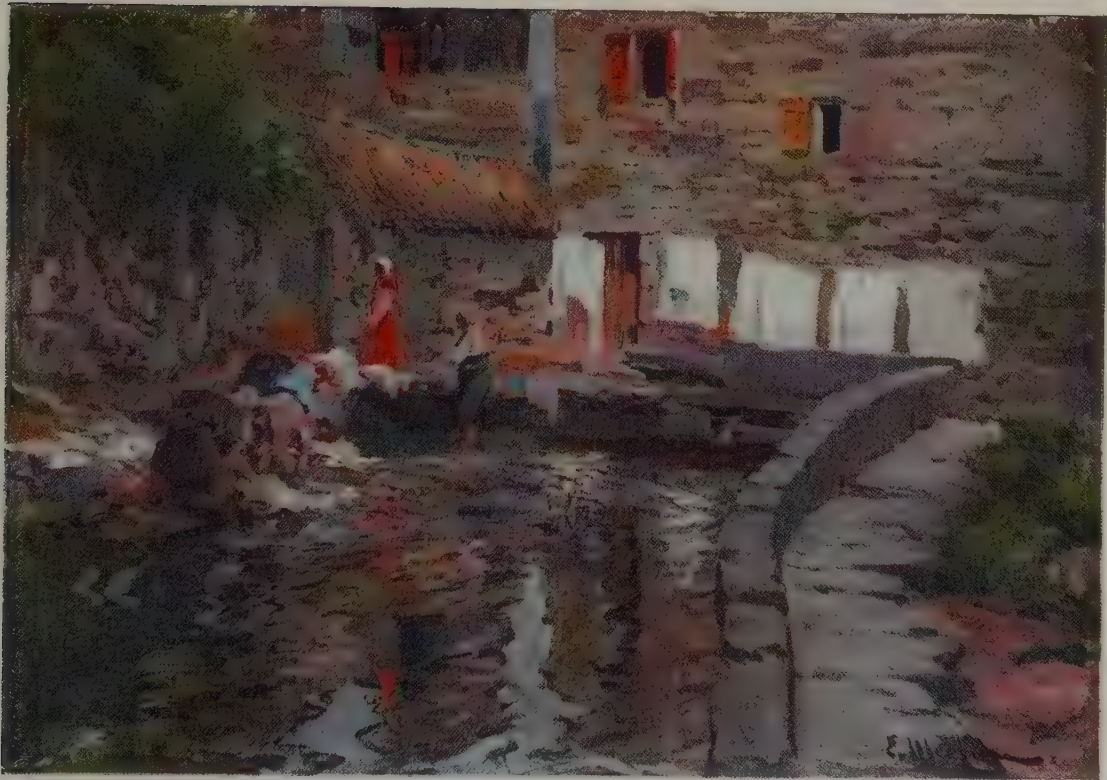
the whole or yet the lovelier portion of the whole of Spain. Spanish landscape lives and lurks by preference far apart from railways. In myriads of these nooks the foot of man has never fallen. I in my lonely and informal wanderings have discovered not a few—among the turfy mountains of the north, or the blue and red and purple Sierras of the arid yet majestic south. Emerald oases are locked away among these arid southern ranges; stretches of fragrant forest lie secluded in those uplands of Galicia or Asturias. Then, too, along the shores of this depopulated land are coves and bays and beaches of undreamed-of beauty; where the virgin whiteness of the sand is broken only by the tread of birds; where rocks of rarest outline and unrivalled colouring indent the purest sky; and where as yet the only sounds are Nature's sounds—the trumpeting of tempests or the sea-mew's call; the lapping wavelets or the rhyme and rhythm of the southern breezes. So Spanish landscape lives and lurks by preference remote from common haunts of men; and Eliseo Meifren



"PASAGES (GUIPÚZCOA)"

BY ELISEO MEIFREN





"AT PONTEVEDRA" AND "WASHERWOMEN, PONTEVEDRA." BY ELISEO MEIFREN.







*Eliseo Meifren, Spanish Painter*



"A COURTYARD IN CATALUÑA"

BY ELISEO MEIFREN

is a painter, an apostle of these sweet, sequestered landscapes of romantic Spain.

He is a son of Cataluña, although, as his surname shows, there is German blood in him. A small man, though not so under-statured as the lively Casas has portrayed his comrade in a humorous and well-known sketch. His eyes are large, alert, and lovers of the truth. His voice is strong and plain, as though he talked beyond your shoulder to the open country. I mention these particulars, apparently inconsequential, because it is my tenet that the person, manners and morals of an artist are affected by the nature of his art—which is peculiarly, in Meifren's case, the art of painting nature.

The subtle life respired by things that are not men or other animals finds shrewd and swift interpretation by this painter. He reads that life both readily and rightly, and may be said to stand upon the border of impressionism. However, I would not call him an impressionist, in the academic sense; now that this word has grown as academic as any other. He works with quickness; and in this does well. For us, and probably for future

ages also, rapidity of workmanship has become the golden and the only rule of truthful art. The features of a landscape, just like the features of a face, must be seized quickly or not at all. For landscape, like humanity, is replete with unremitting and kaleidoscopic change, altering as each moment of each day and night elapses, altering with each influx of new light or gloom, altering with each calm or breath of wind, altering with each leaf or blade of grass that grows or perishes, altering with each rise or fall of temperature. Each cloud that passes over Nature's face inwrites some new emotion on her substance, in her soul.

Thus it is part of the secret of good art to get your rendering quickly if you wish it to be true. Turner, to my belief, worked over-slowly, or at least, elaborately and confusedly. On this account he often superheaps one moment of a landscape's evolution on another. Indeed, not all the qualities of landscape were revealed to Turner; though this was rather from the time's shortcoming than his own. He seems to have misunderstood that men and landscape travel side by side, under the





"CALA CULIP, CADAQUÉS, CATALUÑA" . . .  
BY ELISEO MEIFREN



## Eliseo Meifren, Spanish Painter



"PASAGES (GUIPÚZCOA)"

BY ELISEO MEIFREN

same conditions of existence, gifted, either of them, with a similar and homotaxic form of life. You cannot paint a pagan figure or a group of pagan figures in a landscape of our time, any more than you can paint a living portrait from a corpse, or a mediæval warrior from a model of this very day. By such devices as a suit of armour or an antiquated dress you cannot throw the landscape back, or bring the pagans forward, twenty centuries. Such was the error of those landscape-painters of the past. They read the face of nature in too leisurely a way. The landscape-painter has no time to lose. Modern impressionists have caught, and possibly have overstrained, this secret. But, beyond a doubt, the strength of the impressionists and those akin to them is in their swiftness; therefore in their truth.

The sum of Meifren's work is large and varied; nor is it easy to select where all is excellent. Nevertheless I mention, as particularly admirable, his vivid rendering of the Catalan coast at Cadaqués, and studies and pictures near Santander or other places of the north of Spain. One

of these latter cannot be extolled too highly. It represents the *ría* of Pontevedra, in Galicia. The broad river is flowing past us in the foreground. The opposite bank is bordered by a wall, above the wall we view the city and cathedral. The light from one of the cathedral windows casts a faint reflection on the water, and high in heaven a thin, small moon is just beginning to appear. The river is flecked with rhythmically regular ripples; the sky, with rhythmically regular cloudlets.

We often prate of composition, and twist a prospect round and round to make it look what it is not. But here, for its sobriety, the composition might be Japanese. The lines of the wall and river and cathedral roof are simply parallel and horizontal. There is no straining to introduce capricious curves or build an artificial balance to replace the natural want of one, so that the scene is admirably simple, and speaks to the heart from its directness. Then, too, by way of further charm, the hour is one that breathes the softest harmonies.



"A COURTYARD, PONTEVEDRA"

BY ELISEO MEIFREN



## *Eliseo Meifren, Spanish Painter*

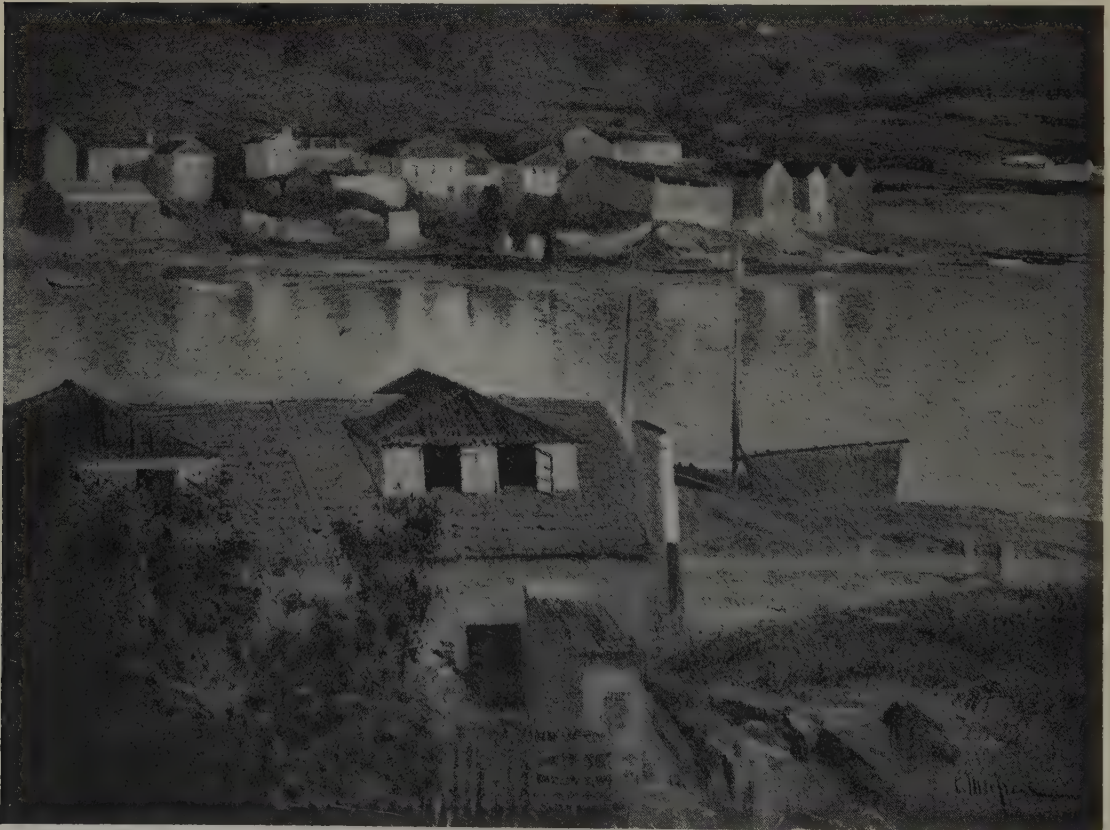
It is the moment when the day has neither ended nor the night begun. Sunlight has not declined completely, nor the moon's determined light on-drawn. An exquisite, mysterious hour for which we have no name: only it seems to breathe a deep and silent message to us all, as though our spirit were appealed to from another world, and for a while the wilful hearts of men were gathered round about their Maker.

Such, outlined very slightly, is the work of Eliseo Meifren, who discerns more power in the swaying of a bough than in the massing and manoeuvring of an army, and greater goodness in the mellow moonlight shining on a cottage than in the matins or the vespers of a thousand temples.

Meifren has seized, indeed, the spirit of his moment and his country, for, guided by such healthy pioneers as he, it would appear that Spanish art, awaking to new life at last, and shaking the slumber from her memory-laden eyes, has gone forth from her cloisters and cathedrals; gone forth from the forbidding gloom of chilly crypts and clustered columns into the radiant open, and there exclaimed, "This land of mine

is fairer than I knew. Her sunlight and her beauty dazzle me. Let me grow used to them, and look about me at this land of beauty and of sunlight."

Fortunate in itself and of itself is the existence of the landscape-painter. Withdrawn from gatherings of corrupt mortality, he contemplates the mother of all men—Nature, the incorrupt and incorruptible, whose other name is Truth; holds high communion with this deity of earth and light, of atmosphere and water. She from this intimate approach rewards him with a share of her own truthfulness. The landscape-painter has this privilege always that the portrait-painter often lacks. The former must at every moment imitate the simply true. He views his model unprepared by special wiles, undecked with special garments, secure from every criticism other than her very own; views her when her fair face awakes with morning flushes; when she confronts the golden glare of noon; or when at nightfall she unbinds her raven tresses, sublimely tangled with the showery stars. So does the landscape-painter reap from Nature's influence some of Nature's truth,



"PONTEVEDRA"



*Some Medallions by Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A.*



"THE LABYRINTH, BARCELONA"

BY ELISEO MEIFREN

does not degenerate; indeed, the longer he works the more he widens his range and the more boldly does he attack the problems of his craft. It is from men of this type that we get the art which is most capable of exciting and holding our interest—the art which means something and has a permanent value; they are the real leaders in their profession who show what is possible to the artist possessed of legitimate ambition, and by their assistance the way is cleared for new movements.

At the same time there is an obvious necessity

that penetrates and pervades and purifies alike his labour and his life.

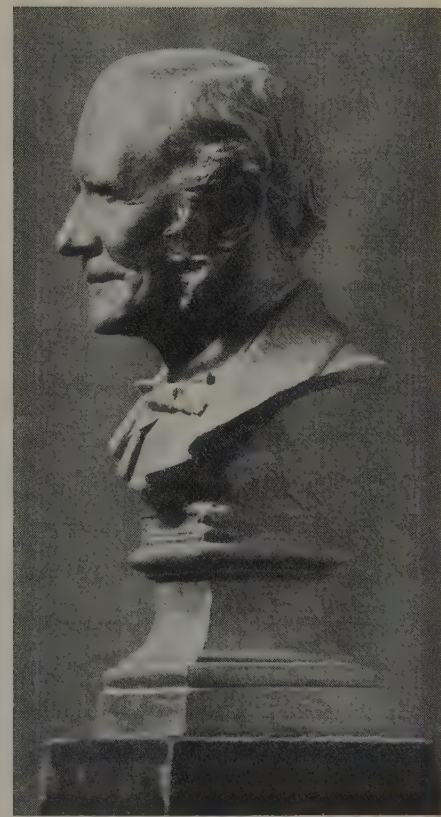
The landscapes of Meifren speak bluntly of the worship of the open air. Truly a fortunate man is this, doing his duty in the cause of art, developing from day to day a bold and beautiful technique, and showing us—what many had not dreamed of till this moment—the multiform and multicolor landscapes of contemporary Spain.

LEONARD WILLIAMS.

Prof. Singer desires us to state that in his article on Meissen porcelain, which appeared in our February number, he was unaccountably led to refer to Herr Hoesel, one of the artists appointed to a life position at the factory, as having died shortly after his appointment. This he is glad to say is fortunately not the case, Prof. Hoesel being still alive and active. In the opening paragraph of the same article the name Herzog should have been Hörold.

## SOME MEDALLIONS BY MR. A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A.

THE artist who is not a narrow specialist and who does not limit his practice by too definite bounds, is always worthy of attention because he is likely at any moment to develop in unexpected directions and to find fresh ways of expressing his convictions. His work never settles down into a mere matter of routine, into the repetition of certain stock ideas which he has used so often that his dependence upon them has become simply mechanical. Because he remains ready to respond to new impressions, his power of initiative and his love of experiment do not diminish, and his artistic vitality

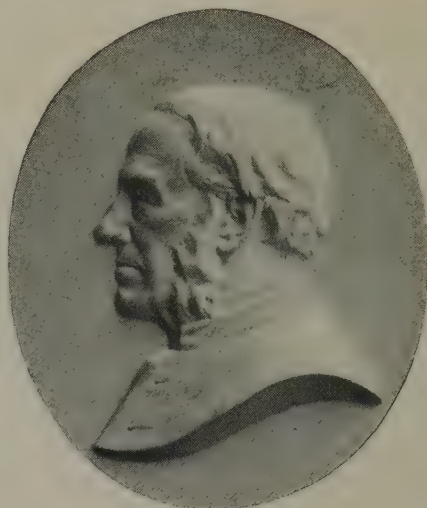


BRONZE BUST OF H. BALFOUR FERGUSSON,  
ESQ., OF DUNDEE BY A. BRUCE-JOY

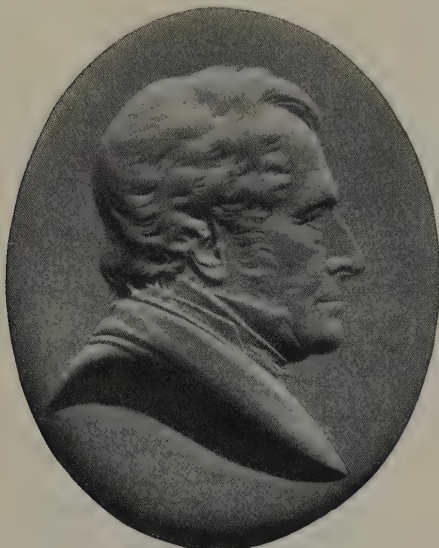


*Some Medallions by Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A.*

equipped in the mechanism of his art. The originality and the versatility which make him worthy of attention cannot have effective scope unless his executive skill is great enough to enable him to do many things with equal facility and with consistent merit. Tentativeness of method or uncertainty of execution would go far to obscure the meaning of his achievement, and would certainly diminish or even destroy its authority. The artist, no matter how brilliant may be his intelligence and how persuasive



THE LATE GEORGE SALMON, D.D., F.R.S.  
BY A. BRUCE-JOY



EDWARD HAWKINS, D.D. BY A. BRUCE-JOY

attainment of memorable results by careful and exact characterisation, and by searching and minute observation. Mr. Bruce-Joy has never been content to make a decorative effect the sole end of his labour, he has never satisfied himself with that generalised effectiveness which takes no account of the lesser details that supplement and complete the larger facts of a design; his effort has always been to unite freedom of imagination with realistic precision in every part of the work on which he has been engaged, and yet to avoid carrying his realism to that unnecessary point at which it would approach the commonplace.

his originality, must be wholly efficient as a workman, or else the message he has to convey will lose all its significance simply because it will be made unintelligible by the imperfection of his delivery. But given the right accord between mind and hand, between the power to invent and the ability to produce, the accomplishment of the man with a love for experiment will count for much more than the best efforts of the highly-skilled craftsman who merely goes on doing cleverly what he has already done over and over again.

It is because he has this love of experiment and, as well, the surest control over intricacies of technical procedure, that Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy ranks so high among modern sculptors. During his distinguished career he has done much that is remarkable in quality and sound in idea, and he has never wavered in his artistic purpose. Few artists, indeed, have so seriously devoted themselves to what may be called the intellectual aspect of sculpture, to the

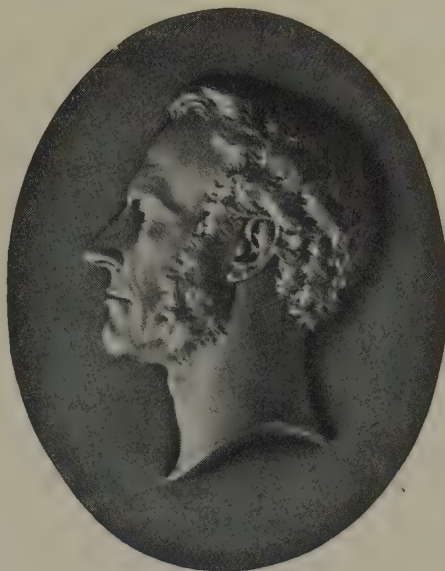


FRANK GRIFFIN, ESQ. BY A. BRUCE-JOY



*Some Medallions by Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A.*

In this aim—one that is the logical outcome of his studious temperament—he has been markedly successful, and the principle he has followed has served him well in all the many phases of his practice. It has helped him to carry out triumphantly such weighty undertakings as his colossal statues of Gladstone, John Bright, and Lord Frederick Cavendish; it has enabled him to realise to the utmost the delicate fantasy of that best-known of all his ideal figures, *The First Flight*, and it has made possible the tragic expression and passion of his dramatic statue, *The Forsaken*. In fact, it has guided him invariably in his every-day production—in those simpler and more obvious performances which every sculptor must undertake at times—and in his bolder excursions into unusual



SIR GEORGE GABRIEL STOKES, F.R.S.  
BY A. BRUCE-JOY



W. BRUCE-JOY, ESQ., M.D. BY A. BRUCE-JOY

in his striving for exquisiteness of finish. But Mr. Bruce-Joy has in these medallions the same largeness of effect and the same refinement of actuality which can be admired in his colossal statues. In each instance he has seen the thing as a whole, and in his management of detail he has exercised admirable discretion. Nothing jars or seems unduly insisted upon; there is no pedantic display of knowledge, no clever extravagance of manner; the treatment throughout is that which

directions; it has dignified his less important things, and it has given spirit and subtlety to those in which his imagination and power of personality have had their fullest opportunity. Best of all, it has kept him from waste of energy in trying to do what was foreign to his temperament, and from the consequent disappointment which must come to every artist who allows experiment to lead him beyond the ultimate bounds of taste and good judgment.

Assuredly this controlling influence is very definitely to be perceived in the series of his little portrait medallions which is illustrated here. In sculpture on this minute scale the risk of falling into triviality is always present; to pass from daintiness into mere prettiness is dangerously easy, and, even with the best intentions, the sculptor who is not sure of himself is only too likely to lose breadth



EMILY BRUCE-JOY BY A. BRUCE-JOY





AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE, ESQ.  
BY A. BRUCE-JOY

was, after all, to be expected from a sculptor whose cultivated perceptions have led him to grasp unhesitatingly just what is really vital and to subordinate or omit the non-essentials.

For one thing especially these medallions can be unreservedly praised—for their intimate shrewdness of characterisation; and they are not less deserving of admiration for the technical skill with which small differences of modelling and flesh surface are presented. The rugged and attenuated forms in the head of *W. Bruce-Joy, M.D.*, the sharply-defined modellings in the face of *Sir G. Gabriel Stokes, F.R.S.*, and the firm muscularity of the *Aubyn Trevor Battye* contrast instructively with the not less firm but more delicate modulations of surface in the exquisitely-treated head of *Emily Bruce-Joy*; and in all the others there is equally distinctive evidence of that studious exactness of record which accounts for so much of Mr. Bruce-Joy's success as a sculptor. As a piece of technical achievement, too, the absolute sureness with which all the contours

are stated must be noted; there is no trace of hesitation in the relating of planes one to the other, no slurring over the parts where fine and subtle definition is needed. But, after all, this is hardly to be wondered at with an artist so concerned with the higher principles of the craft he follows. When he works on a small scale he only concentrates the strength and condenses the observation which give such memorable distinction to his larger works—to such a marvellous character study, for instance, as his bust of Mr. Fergusson—and when he chooses a new direction it is only to apply in a different way the exhaustive knowledge which he has brought to bear upon all his work before.

A. L. BALDRY.



ARCHBISHOP BENSON  
BY A. BRUCE-JOY

## THE PAINTINGS OF JOHN D. FERGUSSON, R.B.A. BY HALDANE MACFALL.

Two or three years ago there was shown in



"A CLOUDY DAY, PARIS PLAGE"

BY J. D. FERGUSSON





"IN BERNEVAL, THE LADY IN PINK." BY J. D. FERGUSSON.  
(By Permission of Mme. Blanche Marchesi.)







*J. D. Fergusson, R.B.A.*



"VILLA STELLA MARIS, PARIS"

BY J. D. FERGUSSON

London a picture of a moonlit square in Cadiz, which announced that an artist of no ordinary powers had come to us from the north.

Here was painted not merely a square in Cadiz ; here breathes the very air of Spain—not set forth with trappings of mantillas and toreadors and the bagful of studio-tricks, but very Spain. The street is possessed with the wondrous mystery that enwraps the solid earth, and all that is on the face of the earth, when the moon holds dominion over the heavens. The figures of a woman and child flit ghostlike across the moon-flooded square with that intangible subtlety of unreality which possesses the world when the purple firmament is ablaze with a myriad stars—their very movement seems, with stealthy uncanniness, to add in some strange fashion to the mighty stillness, just as the moonlight

silences the footfall as though people walked a-tiptoe, the ear losing as it does its quickness of hearing when the eye is baffled in its full vision. The handsome houses stand back in the deeps of the translucent night-laden air. The design is balanced with the consummate skill that selects whilst it hides all sense of selection, and disguises all hint of deliberate arrangement. Above all, the scene is bathed in the impalpable volume of the half-revealing light, yielding a hush into the senses, eloquent as it is of the very stillness of things, resonant, dignified, orchestral, deep, like the music of the muted bass of 'cellos. The

signature to that canvas was the name of J. D. Fergusson.

The picture was selected to go to the St. Louis Exhibition, where it caught the eyes of the American



"THE RIVER CANCHE, PARIS PLAGE"

BY J. D. FERGUSSON

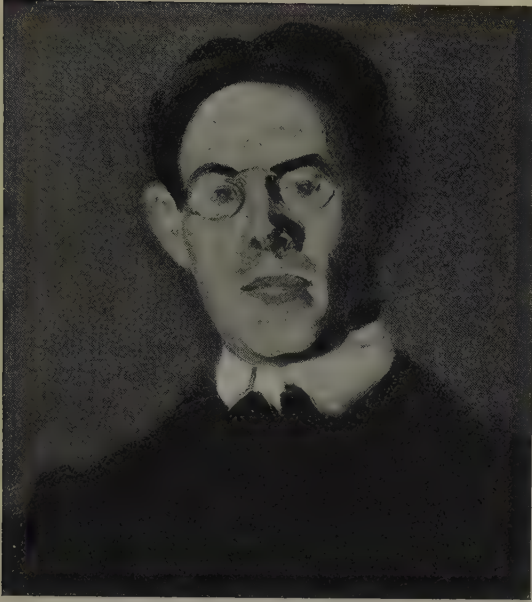




"A SQUARE IN CADIZ: MOONLIGHT"  
BY J. D. FERGUSON



*J. D. Fergusson, R.B.A.*



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH SIMPSON, CARICATURIST  
BY J. D. FERGUSSON

art-world. Last year the artist was seen at the British Artists, Suffolk Street, in his now famous night-piece of *Dieppe*—a stretch of green sward under the blue light of that hour when the world is engulfed in the lilac dusk of a summer's evening, the purple night winning to mastery over the defeated day; in front flit a few well-dressed figures of fashionable folk in evening attire; beyond is the rush and swirl of fireworks that ascend with hiss and roar into the leagues of blue, shrilly bursting into glorious rain of vivid hues and descending in a shower of coloured fire that lurches downwards to earth again, then hangs for awhile in the heavens, held back now and sustained by the resisting air that opposes its earthward velocity and allows the golden glory of it to come down only in slower and more sedate pageantry. The wizardry wherewith these things are wrought, the statement of the peaceful hour of evening disturbed by the violence of the fire-rent revelry, has surely never been painted

with more exquisite perfection and convincing power than in this truthful and compelling work of art.

Last summer saw the first exhibition of the northern artist's collected works in London; and it proved beyond questioning the presence amongst us of a painter of remarkable gifts, high poetic vision, and astounding craftsmanship. Here is a man who must go far. His style is personal; his power of uttering the music that is in colour is a marvel; and the vividness of his work and the purity of his tones are so effective that the earth seems to yield him her gladness and light and mystery.

His two great successes had so far been pictures of the mood aroused in our senses by the night; he now showed himself as exquisite and as vigorous a master in the statement of the sunlight and the twilight. His effects are so dependent on his colour that a black and white print gives but a vague idea even of the arrangement and form of his schemes. The *River Canche* makes one take a deep breath, inhaling the fresh breeze that sends the sailing vessels swinging along the river and the clouds scudding across the swinging heavens. He catches the fragrance and the gaiety of the earth, the swirl and eddy and movement of the waters, the flicker and play and rhapsody of the light. To everything he touches he brings distinction. His brush is no mere modeller of forms nor pattern-maker of tints—it draws the very breath of nature



"AFTER DINNER"

BY J. D. FERGUSSON





"DIEPPE, JULY 14, 1905: NIGHT"  
BY J. D. FERGUSON





"THE JAPANESE STATUETTE"

BY J. D. FERGUSSON

across the canvas in whatsoever mood he catches her. In his hands the lightest moods of nature become a significance—he is a rare poet.

His achievement is enhanced and his domain widened by his full-blooded joy in, and large interest in, every passing whim that the light of the heavens reveals to him. Nothing is too exquisite, nothing too exuberant for the inquisition of his interest; and he has mastered a direct technique and a fearlessness of colour which give him quick facility to interpret what he sees. His forceful brush sweeps on to the canvas whatsoever emotion the world at the moment arouses in the mirror of his eyes and thereby utters into his senses, whether it be awakened by

the haunted, subtle hour of dusk, the ghostly passing of the night, or the laughing moments when sun and breeze run riot over the land, or the thunder-laden heavens announce their lightning-loaded tragedies. From each place he filches its essential spirit, its fragrance, its savour; each of the twenty-four hours yields to him its secret. The sun-flecked waters set his brush skipping carol-wise; the sombre twilight gives up its huge and sombre stateliness.

The eventual recognition of a man of artistic faculties such as this is as certain as the sun's uprising. When we realise that it is a man young in years who wields this brush, that he is only at the beginning of a career, that it is not the mature work of an artist at the fulness of a newly completed activity, nay, not even at the height of his achievement, we must needs be filled with wonder.

Every artist, whether poet or sculptor, painter or musician, must be so facile a master of his tools that the grammar of his art (what we call the beauty of his craftsmanship, or his style) must have become a confirmed habit before he is free to state the poetry that is in him. Such mastery over his craft rarely comes to a painter early in life. But this man is already a finished stylist. The grammar has become a habit. The brain and hand are concerned only with the right utterance of the mood of nature that is before him.

I know no living painter with a more profound feeling for the music that is in colour. The joy in



"ÉTAPLES"

BY J. D. FERGUSSON



## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*



THE CHURCHILL COTTAGE HOMES, SOMERSET

SILCOCK & REAY, ARCHITECTS

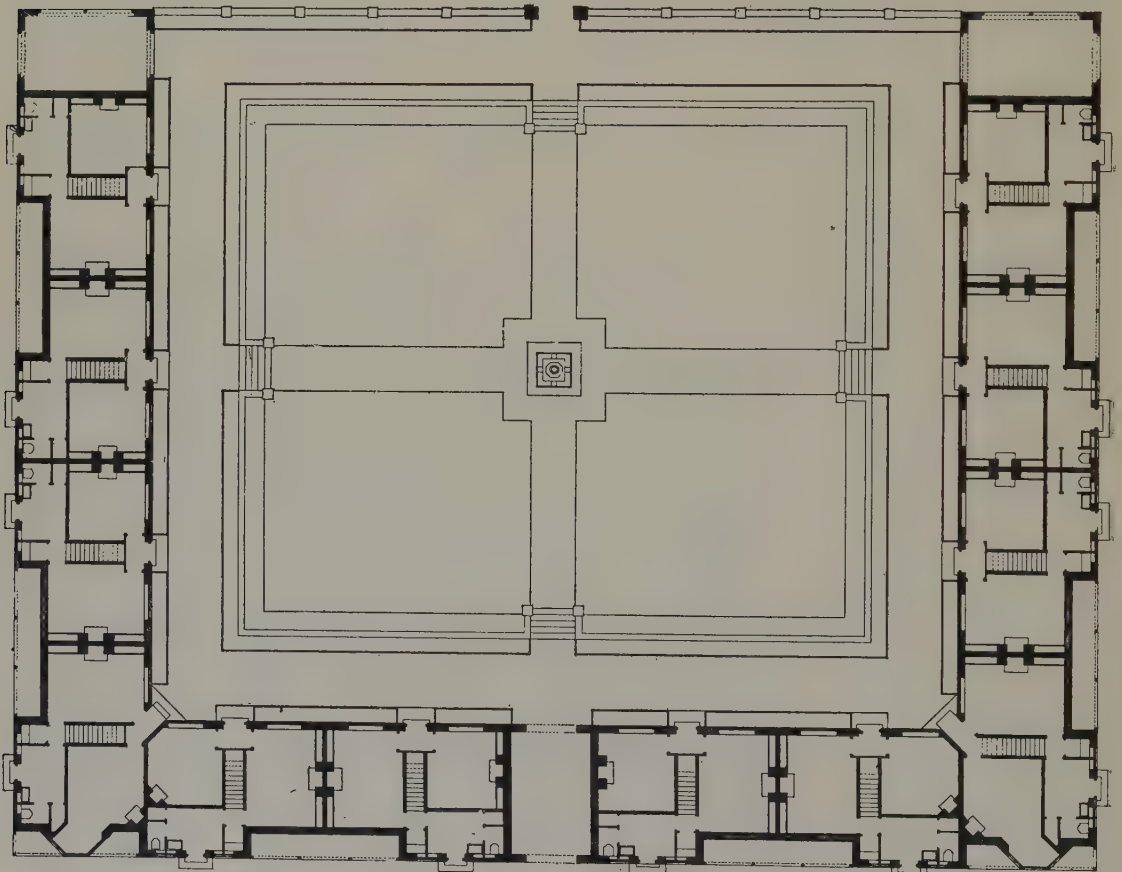
life, and the joy in stating it, are everywhere. There is not a trick, a hesitation, a falsity, a cheap effect—no priggishness, nor “artiness,” nor weakness of will in a thing that he does. It must be a rare delight to reach such power and achievement and still be young.

Art such as this must live.

HALDANE MACFALL.

## RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

WE give illustrations this month of a group of cottage homes at Churchill, Somerset, from the designs of the architects, Messrs. T. B. Silcock, B.Sc., F.S.I., and S. S. Reay, F.R.I.B.A., of Bath and London. These cottage homes have



PLAN OF CHURCHILL COTTAGE HOMES, SOMERSET

SILCOCK & REAY, ARCHITECTS.





THE CHURCHILL COTTAGE HOMES, SOMERSET. SILCOCK AND REAY, ARCHITECTS.







## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

been founded by Mr. Sidney Hill, J.P., of Langford, Somerset, a generous philanthropist who has already founded and endowed homes for middle-class people of slender means in the village where he resides, in addition to providing several Wesleyan churches, ministers' houses, and other buildings in England and South Africa. These cottage homes at Churchill, which are twelve in number, are intended for the deserving poor, and a fund has been set aside sufficient to produce an income of £400 a year for their maintenance. The homes are arranged on three sides of a quadrangle about 120 feet square. The third or south side is enclosed by a low terrace wall, with fine wrought-iron entrance gates, giving access to the working gardens with which each inmate is provided. Arbours, with seats, are placed at each end of the south terrace, whence there is a most beautiful view towards the Mendip hills. The quadrangle has a low parapet wall running entirely round it, with steps leading down to the lawn and flower beds, which are sunk some two feet six inches below the level of the stone-paved walks. In the centre will be a large stone

sundial, with a spreading base, around which seats will be placed. Each house has upon the ground floor a living-room and a bedroom, with a small scullery, larder, coal-house, and usual offices, and upstairs is one bedroom with a large storeroom. The houses are free from the usual excrescences at the back, there being, in fact, no backs at all as generally understood, all the elevations being equally important. The north front faces the road, from which it is separated by a forecourt 200 feet long by 50 feet deep. This forecourt, which will be laid out with lawns and paved paths and beds, is some five feet above the road level, and is approached by a wide flight of steps. The boundary wall is a low one, and is enriched with gate piers, wrought-iron gates and richly carved vases placed at intervals. The drawing from which our coloured reproduction is made was hung in the Royal Academy exhibition of last year.

In the December number of *THE STUDIO* we illustrated, amongst others, a thatched house at Bury, in Sussex, by Mr. Charles Spooner, with some notes on the principles which inspire his work.



HOUSE AT HINDHEAD (FRONT VIEW)

CHARLES SPOONER, ARCHITECT



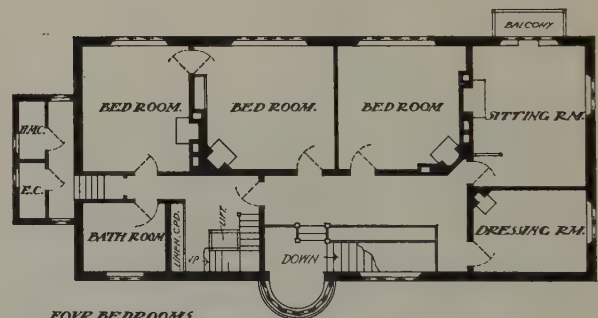
## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*



HOUSE AT HINDHEAD (GARDEN SIDE)

CHARLES SPOONER, ARCHITECT

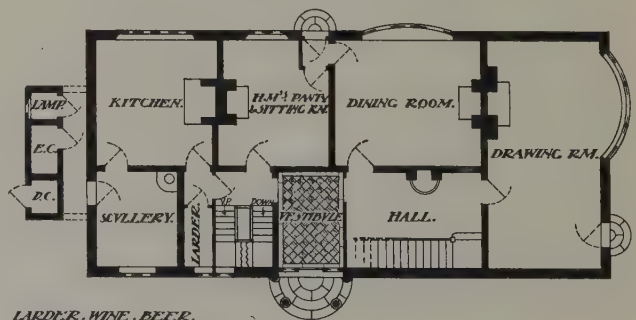
This month we give the plans and two views of a house at Hindhead designed by the same architect. In this example the plan is arranged on the simplest lines, and while there has been no attempt to attain a rigid symmetry in the elevations, the simplicity of the practically unbroken oblong shape of the house, repeated in the unbroken lines of the eaves, helps to achieve a certain unity and balance which even the marked irregularity of the fenestration on the entrance elevation fails to altogether dispel. The pleasant and quiet character of the building is due probably to the absence of any laborious striving for effect; there are none of those little affectations noticeable even in otherwise good examples of present-day domestic architecture. The plan is an extremely good one, all the rooms conveniently placed, the large ones looking towards the gardens, with the less important ones and the staircases arranged on the side towards the road. The walls externally are covered with that most convenient of



FOUR BEDROOMS  
AND BATH ROOM.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

SCALE 0 10 20 30 40 FEET.



LARDER, WINE, BEER,  
COAL AND WOOD STORES  
IN BASEMENT.

GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

PLAN OF HOUSE AT HINDHEAD CHARLES SPOONER, ARCHITECT

## Gaston Hochard

materials, rough-cast; the chimneys are carried up in brick, the roof covered with hand-made tiles, and all the external woodwork is painted white.

**G**ASTON HOCHARD—A PAINTER OF FRENCH TYPES. BY OCTAVE UZANNE.

CONTEMPORARY painting, by reason of the incoherence of its various directions and the ever-increasing boldness and summariness of its technique, causes us singular surprises which too few critics take the trouble to record, to study, and even to condemn, as they should do.

Is it noticed, indeed, that the painters of the second half of the nineteenth century and those of the beginning of this twentieth century seem to remain wilfully blind to the life around them—the life of their own time? It would appear, in fact, that from some unconscious bias, they neglect the picturesque aspect of men and things to-day, despite their great interest and variety and movement. Our artists are still too much addicted to recording the banalities of *genre* subjects, to reconstructing "history"; too fond of startling "settings," of interior *intimités*; too much enamoured of the melancholy of our old parks and palaces peacefully reposing in the serenity of the Past, such as Versailles, Chantilly, Hampton Court, the Villa d'Este, the Pitti Palace, or the Gardens of Majorca.

As for landscape, which still appeals as ever to the open-air painter, its aspect is inimitable as Nature itself, and those who devote themselves to representing it seek chiefly to give to their interpretations an originality of force or of personality, to give a new *éclat* to their effects of light, to add breadth to the brushwork of their skies and pearly clouds; but that is all. Between the landscapes of Constable, Théodore Rousseau, or Jules Dupré, and those of Claude Monet or Daubigny, there might seem to be an abyss; in reality, it is no more than a divergency of vision and of technique, a different manner of seeing and translating; but, after all, it is the very same type of art.

It is incontestable that each generation has a new comprehension of *motifs*, a special sense of colour, a determined fancy for choosing such and such subjects. The artistic point of view becomes transformed; the technique is altered; a thing is seen



GASTON HOCHARD

PHOTO BY CREVAUX, PARIS

large or seen small; either great attention is paid, as was the case formerly, to detail, or, as one sees to-day, it is held to be of no account. It is these general "orientations" which constitute schools and *genres*: the main thing remains unchanged.

How few though, among our young masters of painting, devote themselves to that which might make them live in the future—I mean, who set themselves to reproduce the social expressions of the world of to-day, to the delineation of the types around them, of the feminine graces they admire, the transformations wrought by progress, the *ensemble* aspects of crowds, or contemporary celebrations—to all those things, in a word, which might convey to our descendants a sort of living, coloured synthesis of the appearance, the outline, the grouping, the very manner of being of people in this our country and in this our day. To photography—dull, artificial, perishable photography—is left the task of transcribing this most curious life of ours. And what a mistake!

Years were necessary before the artist was able to acquire a healthy comprehension of the picturesque side of the railway, the beauty of the locomotive rushing headlong round the hill-side, with its dainty little plume of white smoke. At the





"EN PROVENCE: L'ORCHESTRE D'ENFANTS"

BY GASTON HOCHARD

outset all new inventions are bound to upset our arts, which are essentially conservative, and also our artists, ever hostile to progress and to the interpretation of beings and things around them, the picturesque aspects of which they refuse to see. At the present moment everyone is attacking automobilism, which, nevertheless, can be most enjoyably expressed, lending itself to artistic treatment most successfully by reason of the variety of scene and episode it commands.

Let us look around us, not only among the half-asleep provincial cities, but among the great fashionable metropolitan centres like London, Paris, or Rome. Can we say that all this daily life strikes us as having no interest for the artist's eye? Are we content that the kodak alone shall be left to register all the physiognomical details of the swift-moving life of to-day? If so, it is, frankly, a pity, and most regrettable from every point of view.

Outside military life, which boasts a few master painters, and the world of fashionable "feminism," which has a few more, the pictorial art of our time really takes no pains to note and to preserve the memory of the city events, the social ceremonies, the *fêtes*, the amusements, the sports which regale our eyes, and for that reason deserve to be æsthetically expressed in durable works, as was done in the eighteenth century by so many ingenious masters of colour and design. The subject of the indifference of painters with regard to their own day deserves to be treated deeply and seriously in a

special article, which should deal with the question in a critical spirit at once psychological and philosophical. The subject lends itself to such treatment, and it should be fascinating by reason of the mystery it would reveal and clear up.

\* \* \*

I was thinking of all this recently when looking



"EN VILLAGE: LES AUTORITÉS"

BY GASTON HOCHARD



## Gaston Hochard



"EN PROVENCE: ENFANTS DE CHŒUR"

BY GASTON HOCHARD

life under the Third Republic; and they will assuredly be of still more interest to our grandchildren, who will discover in these pictures the physical and decorative expressions of the life and customs of to-day, with which they would otherwise never become acquainted. In days to come these works of Gaston Hochard will be sought after just as to-day one seeks after those of Boilly and Debucourt and Carle Vernet. And that will only be doing them justice. This age of ours will leave behind it so few painted documents on the collectivity and the exterior costumes of our social, political, and

at a collection of the works of M. Gaston Hochard, a powerful painter of France and things French, who forms a happy exception to the general rule. More or less consciously this artist works untiringly in his own furrow, seeking out all that is picturesque in the official ceremonies of our Republican cities—showing us the clergy officiating in their full vestments, the military and civil authorities marching ceremoniously in procession, the provincial *fanfares* led by brothers of the Christian schools, with choir boys grouped at the church door; or street-singers, or vendors of air-balls for children, or those taking part in district competitions, or cathedral singers, as well as the special public of the race-course, and the humble merchants of the pavement.

All these things interest one from divers points of view, but chiefly because of the talent displayed by M. Hochard in his polychrome notation of these pleasing pictures of French

municipal life! With the exception of works officially commissioned, there will be nothing to note.

The highly expressive art of M. Gaston Hochard is essentially original in manner. Each of the types he puts into his pictures, which are remarkably

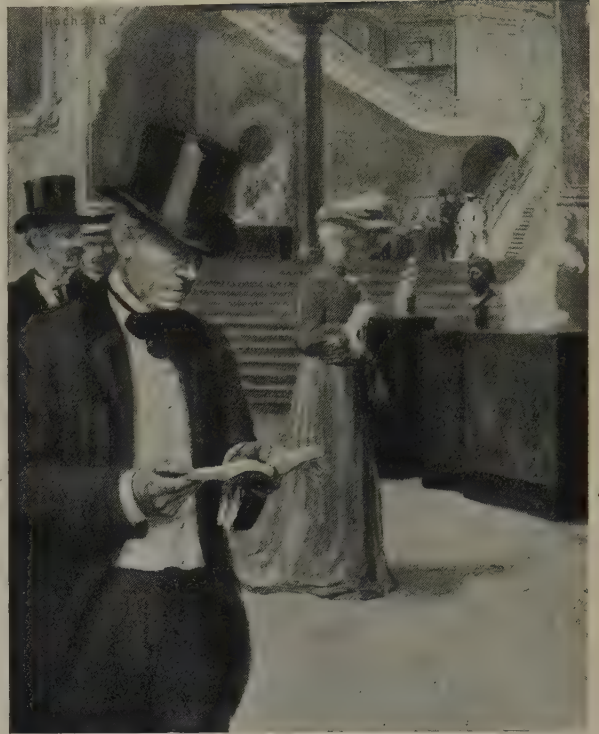


"EN PROVENCE: LES MUSICIENS"

BY GASTON HOCHARD



grouped and composed with extreme simplicity, is, as it were, a very accurate and, so to speak, final synthesis of the magistrate, the general, the prefect, the minister, the bishop, chaplain, gendarme, deacon, or *curé* of France in these early years of the twentieth century. The subsidiary personages, such as mayors, municipal councillors, bandsmen, firemen, conductors of choral societies and shopkeepers, are studied with equal vigour, and are thrown clearly into relief and light with an extraordinary skill which gives a typical and concrete summary of each individual. In these studies of provincial official manners in the little towns of central France, where the magistracy, the army, and the clergy are continually rubbing shoulders, and even in Paris itself, with its race-course crowds, the painter always rises to the point of giving most happily a synthetic representation of these types of modern life. Further, M. Hochard, who is enamoured of his palette, and an ardent seeker after harmonies of colour, ever strives in his entertaining canvases to regulate his chromatic chords much as does the musician in choosing the key of his compositions. In each of his pictures this conscientious artist sets himself to arrange around a general dominant a series of charming symphonic chords of colour. Thus it



"THE SALON, PARIS"

BY GASTON HOCHARD

might be said that certain of his paintings are in the major key and others in the minor. These effects are carefully sought for and deliberately chosen by the painter. Like the master composers—like Whistler himself—he orchestrates his *motifs* with all the *maestria* of the symphony writer.

\* \* \*

M. Gaston Hochard, who was elected an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts (late Champ de Mars) is already a veteran as regards success, both in Paris and in the provinces. Born at Orléans about 1865—but inheriting Gascon, Norman and Picardian blood through his parental ancestors—he began by studying jurisprudence, but abandoned the law to come to study in Paris, first at the Raphaël Collin Academy, and then at the Academy of "La Palette," where he had lessons from Roll, Carrière, and Gervex. His studies here, however, were of but secondary importance, and they alone could never have given him that rare and certain knowledge of painting, that skill in technique which his works display. His principal virtues as precise colourist, as draughtsman, as workman full of *maîtrise*, he owes chiefly to steady toil, to the determination he has always had to extract from the great masters—Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and others—the secret of their incomparable art. With this object in view he studied the ancients for more



"BOOKLOVERS"

BY GASTON HOCHARD

## Studio-Talk

than ten years, devoting his life to copying the masterpieces in the Louvre, in the Prado of Madrid, in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, attacking Holbein at Basle, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, and Rubens at Antwerp and Amsterdam, and Reynolds and Gainsborough at the National Gallery of London.

His studio in Paris is hung with excellent copies of Titian, Veronese, Leonardo, Tintoret, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Moretto of Brescia, Jordaens, Van Dyck, Greco, Ribera, Velasquez, and Delacroix. Few modern painters there are who have communed so ardently with the great pontiffs of art from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries. This copying of imperishable works constitutes the training of the painter just as the study of Latin and Greek is the most beneficial occupation for the mind of the writer. It serves to consolidate indeluctably an artist's gifts.

These copies by Gaston Hochard reflect something of still higher importance—an individual temperament. Those to be seen on the walls of his studio in Paris, or in his *atelier* at La Herse in the Loiret, come as a revelation, in that these non-literal transcripts assert themselves as very independent interpretations of the spirit of the masters. The copyist, all respectful as he may be to the master work, nevertheless cannot prevent his independence of execution from peeping out. It is in this that his translations are so excellent and so interesting.

Accompanying these notes are a few reproductions of original paintings by Gaston Hochard. These will serve to show that while borrowing nothing from symbolism, or pre-Raphaelism, or renescent ideality, these compositions, so powerfully constructed, so solidly founded, so clearly modern in expression, so sincerely original, and, while containing a touch of satire, never lapsing into the allurements of caricature, are worthy of being set up as an example to young artists seeking a new horizon and capable of looking their own period boldly in the face.

In England, as in France, one cannot too strongly urge the painter to return to the observation and the interpretation of the life of to-day.

We have had enough of mythology, of quattrocentism, of irrealism! It behoves us to realise that never was any historic epoch so curious, so amusing to watch, so interesting to synthetise in the form of pictures, as that of which we are the spectators. It seems incredible that it should be necessary to say this, incredible that Gaston Hochard should be an exception among so many *confrères* who, looking on life, are blind to the life around them.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

### STUDIO-TALK

(From our Own Correspondents)

LONDON.—Chief among exhibitions of last month was that of French Drawings of the XIX. Century, at the galleries of Messrs. Obach & Co., in New Bond Street. With all their romanticism the Barbizon School had always before them a classic controlling ideal of form, whether in the massed but wind disturbed forestry of Rousseau, or in the figures of Millet. Millet's art evolved from very classical beginnings, and he brought a mind steeped in the scholarship of form to deal with life-like impressions of the common labour of the peasantry. And so the dignity and rhythm that outlines all human movement never for a moment escaped him, however much he responded whole-heartedly to emotion and to the beauty of an unconscious—and to his predecessors graceless—peasantry. Corot seems



LANDSCAPE SKETCH

(Exhibited at Messrs. Obach's Gallery)

BY TH. ROUSSEAU



## Studio-Talk

to have made his slightest sketches with the same dignified sense of composition which complete as works of art all his impressions; and Troyon shows us, too, that the nobility of vision is not altered by the simplicity of the means for expression at hand.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, which closed at the end of March, gave us as usual interesting plates by such masters of etching as Sir Charles Holroyd and Prof. Legros and Messrs. R. Goff, Frank Short, A.R.A., and Alfred East, A.R.A. Perhaps in view of his own exhibition there was no plate by Mr. Brangwyn. *Strolling Players* by Mr. Frank Short was indeed a beautiful plate. Work of a fresh character demanding remark was *Pastoral* by Luke Taylor; *A Welsh Landscape* by Hugh Paton; *On the Medway* by Sydney Lee; *Portrait* by Mary A. Sloane; and *Tunnel Pier* by A. W. Bayes. Messrs. Mortimer Menpes, W. Monk, C. J. Watson, Sir J. C. Robinson, with characteristic plates, gave the backbone of sound and various accomplishment with which the society every year establishes the fact of the vitality and progression of etching in this country.

A notable exhibition was that of Mr. Brangwyn's etchings at Robert Dunthorne's Gallery. Loyal to the tradition of the etched line, Mr. Brangwyn has increased the scale on which it was usual to work. In its present shape the plate, which in most cases is zinc, affords him opportunity of working with a characteristic touch. The aspect of life which he approaches is one entirely of his own selection. The plate of *Brentford* was a typical example. We have the impression at the first rapid glance of the beauty, the decorativeness, the romance of what might be a Venetian scene. The beauty, the decorativeness and the romance remain, but the plate proves on closer inspection to be one treating with

great dignity but withal so simply and honestly the subject of English wharf labour.

Miss Emily M. Paterson's exhibition of water-colours at McLean's Galleries was full of interest. Her methods and point of view are very attractive. The *Fish Market, Dordrecht*, and *Canal, Holland*, were the most notable of her achievements; in these her colour and her spontaneous, pleasant execution were at their best. She was perhaps less happy in effects such as in *Holland's Bulwarks* or in the picture *Moonrise*.

The exhibition of the late Robert Brough's pictures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, was one of considerable importance to the Art world, enabling a just estimate of his vigorous art to be attempted. We see the artist growing in power—so



"A WOMAN SWEEPING"

(Exhibited at Messrs. Obach's Gallery)

BY J. F. MILLET

*Studio-Talk*



"THE DISTANT VILLAGE"

*(Exhibited at Messrs. Obach's Gallery)*

BY C. F. DAUBIGNY



"THE FOREST POOL"

*(Exhibited at Messrs. Obach's Gallery)*

BY TH. ROUSSEAU



## Studio-Talk

conscious of power at times as to be almost wantonly superficial, with an easy gaiety of workmanship. But *The Spanish Shawl* and other works executed just before his death proved that his extraordinary talents still were growing apace. This fact emphasised the sadness without which it was impossible to view the exhibition, registering as it did so much solid and distinguished achievement. It was perhaps in the painting of men, and especially elderly men, that Brough excelled. They seemed to tempt him to greater concentration than was noticeable in his portraits of women, and a shrewd insight into the psychology of his subject is apparent in them all.

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Much depended upon the quality of the first exhibition of the United Arts Club, for the club aims at providing a want of which artists in London have long been conscious. As it is hoped the club will become a recognised medium for effecting sales, it was of importance to establish at the outset the standard of work which will entitle members to the privilege of having their work included in the quarterly exhibitions. With a picture committee including amongst others, Messrs. J. M. Swan, R.A., Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., George Henry, A.R.A., it might be expected that the exhibition would form a worthy supplement to the better known London exhibitions, acting, indeed, as an overflow

for a large quantity of good work produced during the year. We are glad to record the excellent start which the Club has made; for its position in the art world must at first be determined almost entirely by the character of its exhibitions. We regret our brief space for dealing with the exhibits on this occasion, but among the pictures which impressed themselves upon our memory were works by Messrs. Tom Robertson, J. L. Pickering, Hon. John Collier, A.R.A., T. Austen Brown, H. Hughes-Stanton, Hon. Walker James, W. Lee Hankey, Sydney Lee, J. D. Fergusson, Mrs. Mary Young Hunter, Miss Flora Lion. There were interesting exhibits of modern sculpture also, and jewellery by Mr. J. Paul Cooper and others.

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The Ruskin exhibition, which is still in continuance at the Fine Art Society, contains among others one or two water-colour paintings, notably *In the Pass of Killiecrankie*, painted in 1857, in which is displayed the whole theory and practice of Pre-Raphaelite technique, as proclaimed by Ruskin, though the meaning of the word technique is, perhaps, rendered negative in connection with art so avowedly striving to imitate, so sedulously repressing the instinct for interpretation. In his architectural drawings, with their emphasis on parts which pleased him, Ruskin exercised, almost sub consciously, much of that science of



LANDSCAPE WITH OVERHANGING TREES

(Exhibited at Messrs. Obach's Gallery)

BY J. B. C. COROT



"THE COPSE, EVENING"  
BY J. F. MILLET

*(Exhibited at Messrs. Obach's Gallery)*



## Studio-Talk

selection which his enemy Whistler was afterwards to convert into his religion. When working with the absorbed patience which gave expression to his artistic character, and when dealing with certain natural effects and subjects of architecture which he approached with feeling, there was inspiration as well as skill in Ruskin's line. In hastier sketches he betrayed that absence of a touch, at once spontaneous and inspired, which has prevented the full recognition he deserved as an artist ever being accorded him. As regards many of his studies of skies and rare effects at mountaintops, his beliefs impelled him to a sympathetic accuracy which will probably never have its counter-type.

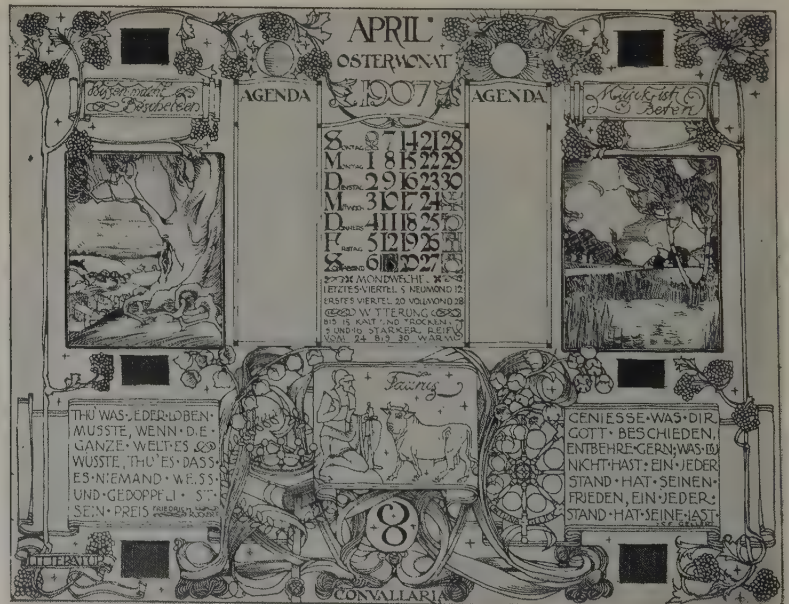
The calendar for the month of April, of which we here give a reproduction, is the work of Mr. H. Wijdeveld, a young Dutch architect who has settled in London for the purpose of studying English decorative work and architecture.

At the Carfax Gallery Mr. William Rothenstein held in March an exhibition of paintings and drawings. The austerities of Judaic rite find their part interpretation in the style itself, austere and sympathetic, of Mr. Rothenstein's painting. It is this aspect of his art, which has reached to great heights, that is represented in the picture recently presented to the National Gallery of British Art, and reproduced opposite. As regards this exhibition, Mr. Rothenstein's art was to be seen at its best in the restraint, the decorativeness, of *The Green Settee*, with its values of a few negative colours emphasised into a scheme positive and convincing. The search for and discovery of colour in cold, moon-shadowed architecture was a triumph in the moonlight piece of *The Abbey of St. Seine*, but we failed to find the spirit of open-air work expressed in the one large important landscape, *A Deserted Quarry*. Of the drawings, every one of them was witty and alive. The line-work, indicative of Mr. Rothenstein's concentrated, interested way of viewing things,

seemed also in its varying character subtly responsive to type in his sitters, as in the strong unflinching outline of the head of Rodin and the tentatively drawn *John Morley*.

At the Baillie Gallery Annual Exhibition of Flower Paintings there were two flower-pieces by Whistler and a large work by Fantin-Latour. Flowers were a memory with Whistler, a beautiful fact with Fantin-Latour; they were resolved into *impressions* with the better known of the living contributors to this exhibition, with exceptions, notably Mr. Francis James, Mr. Gerard Chowne and Mr. Alfred Hayward. As an ingenious connivance at a colour effect immediately pleasant to the eye Mr. H. M. Livens' *Roses and Delphinium* was an achievement, but there was no deference to flowers and their own emblematic manifestation of beauty. This was missing too in Mr. J. D. Fergusson's brilliant work—though the point of view was perfectly clear here, and from that point the treatment was entirely commendable.

The old Dudley Gallery Art Society is rapidly recovering its prestige, which has unfortunately declined in recent times. The Spring Exhibition proves that there are some vigorous reformers at work on the hanging committee. The Eastern pictures of Mr. Geo. Haité, and his picture *On the Sands*, formed a prominent feature on the walls. The work of the President, Mr. L. Burleigh Bruhl,



DESIGN FOR CALENDAR

BY H. WIJDEVELD





*(National Gallery of British Art)*

"THE JEWS IN THE SYNAGOGUE"  
BY W. ROTHENSTEIN



## Studio-Talk

ranked with what was best in the exhibition. We noted also some interesting contributions from Sir Wm. Eden, Mr. Innes Fripp, and others.

The water colours of "Old World Gardens," exhibited by Mr. E. Arthur Rowe in Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery, deserve much praise for their technical cleverness and their freedom from any trace of triviality or over-elaboration. Mr. Rowe, indeed, can be accounted as the ablest of the many painters who attempt this class of subject; he realises admirably the necessary details, but he keeps in his paintings a remarkable degree of breadth and atmospheric subtlety, and he treats them with exceptional sensitiveness.

Continuing our note of last month on the recent exhibition of modern photography at the New English Art Club Galleries, and the question of photography as art, we give on this and the following pages six reproductions from the exhibits. The decorativeness which everywhere is contrived by accident of nature and works of man, and which only awaits artistic statement, receives such statement in Mr. Coburn's picture of *The Sky-Scraper*. The faculty of selection can perhaps not be exercised to such full extent in photography as in painting, but the characteristic beauty of any art is to be discovered in its exercise within its own limitations. Photography admits of little compromise with a composition accepted, as in Mr. Coburn's picture *The Sky-Scraper*, direct from nature, but this fact gives to the art its peculiar charm if it somewhat alters the character of the impulse that controls the artist from that in more plastic arts. Artistic photography, however, in those who practise it calls for just as highly trained an appreciation of

all that lends to beauty. Miss Gertrude Käsebier showed not a whit less of this appreciation than her fellow exhibitors, though less content with photography as an art which need not borrow its chosen effects from the sister art of painting—effects arrived at by painters in baffling the restrictions of paint. Full of æsthetic suggestion and charm as her work is, this flattering deference to the other art is scarcely consistent with the aphorisms which, mistakenly, we cannot help thinking, preface the catalogue, and to which we made brief reference last month. Quoted from Mr. Bernard Shaw, these suggest a rivalry between the arts of painting and photography as regards their respective processes which can never exist, as where he says "Velasquez could have drawn Philip better with a telephoto lens than with his brush." In subject-matter and its interpretation the exhibition proved that the artist in photography and the painter or etcher may and do rival each other, but



PORTRAIT

BY F. HOLLAND DAY



"MISS JANET BURNET"  
BY J. CRAIG ANNAN



## Studio-Talk

in the matter of process there can exist no rivalry between a lens and the human hand. In the latter case the issues are those of other kinds of beauty altogether, created by the character of the thousand and one touches with brush or needle which bring the painting or the etching gradually to its completion. The exhibition itself witnessed to the courage of artists facing the problems of their highly complex art on its own grounds, and this fact lent its significance to Baron de Meyer's delightful flower pieces and to the beautiful work of Mr. Holland Day. Both these artists, together with Mr. Coburn and Mr. Craig Annan, also exhibited admirable and skilful studies in portraiture, in which they were obviously and rightly pre-occupied with the presentation of their sitters in a psychological aspect. Released from many embarrassments that beset the painter, the art of the camera is free to concentrate on this; and, with a due regard for the beautiful, such efforts promise us in the future a legacy of authentic portraiture such as hitherto history has not had at its disposal in dealing with celebrated men. But the in-

controvertible statement of the camera brings with it responsibilities which the painter never knew. A veritable little masterpiece in this work was the *Portrait of G. K. Chesterton* by Mr. Coburn. Turning to photographs of a landscape character, *The Stirling Castle* of Mr. Craig Annan was perhaps the most notable achievement. Mention should be made of M. C. Puyo's thoughtful art, and especially interesting to us was such gifted work as M. Robert Demachy's *The Shoe String* or *La Curieuse*.

The International Art Gallery, in King William Street, Strand, by bringing together a comprehensive collection of coloured etchings, has rendered a service to lovers of art in England who wish for works of art for their rooms at a very small price. Hitherto this attractive form of art has only found its way spasmodically into the English picture market. These etchings are perhaps most attractive when that principle of economy which guides the etched lines is extended to the colour also. The exhibition was supplemented in another room by pictures of interest and variety in oils and water-colour,



"LA CURIEUSE"

BY ROBERT DEMACHY



"THE SKY-SCRAPER." BY  
ALVIN L. COBURN



## Studio-Talk

including some fine Fantin-Latours, a remarkable *Portrait of a Lady*, an early work by Mr. H. Cameron, R.S.A., and characteristic examples of the work of Messrs. Alfred East, A.R.A., Hughes-Stanton, J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., W. Fowler, Montague Smyth, J. L. Pickering, Geoffry Strahan, and others.

The Venice seen by M. le Sidaner in pictures exhibited at the Goupil Gallery was the vivid city of romance: here the commonplace was veiled. M. le Sidaner has never given us an exhibition of colour of greater intensity and refinement.

Of Pre-Raphaelite treatment for the expression of an imaginative mood—of Pre Raphaelitism filtered through subsequent influences, we have example in the coloured supplement which we print this month from a painting by Mr. Norman Wilkinson now at the Carfax Gallery. Setting out with certain self-imposed limitations as to style, the artist has achieved in this picture much that has distinction, and in its decorative quality it is curiously resourceful.

LIVERPOOL. — John Finnie, R.E., the *doyen* of Liverpool painters, has passed away at the ripe age of 78 years, though working to within a few weeks of his end with his usual vigorous industry. Born at Aberdeen in 1829, he graduated through various uncongenial occupations, always with a determined, persistent effort towards the study of Art, which he pursued assiduously whenever opportunities offered as he moved about to Edinburgh, Wolverhampton, Glasgow, Newcastle, and London.

In 1855, Finnie was appointed Art teacher to the Mechanics' Institute in Liverpool, which subsequently became the Mount Street School of Art. Here, during forty-one years, his influence as a teacher helped to make this school one of the most prominent in the kingdom. Retiring in 1896, he set up his studio at Tywyn, in North Wales, there enjoying with all his robust vigour and enthusiasm the untrammelled pursuit of his loved art. About two years ago he again set up his studio in Liverpool.

Notwithstanding advancing years, Finnie's robust



"THE WATER-LILIES"



"RICHARD II HOLDING THE RED ROSE OF LANCASTER." BY NORMAN WILKINSON.  
(By Permission of the Carfax Gallery.)







"MOTHER AND CHILD"

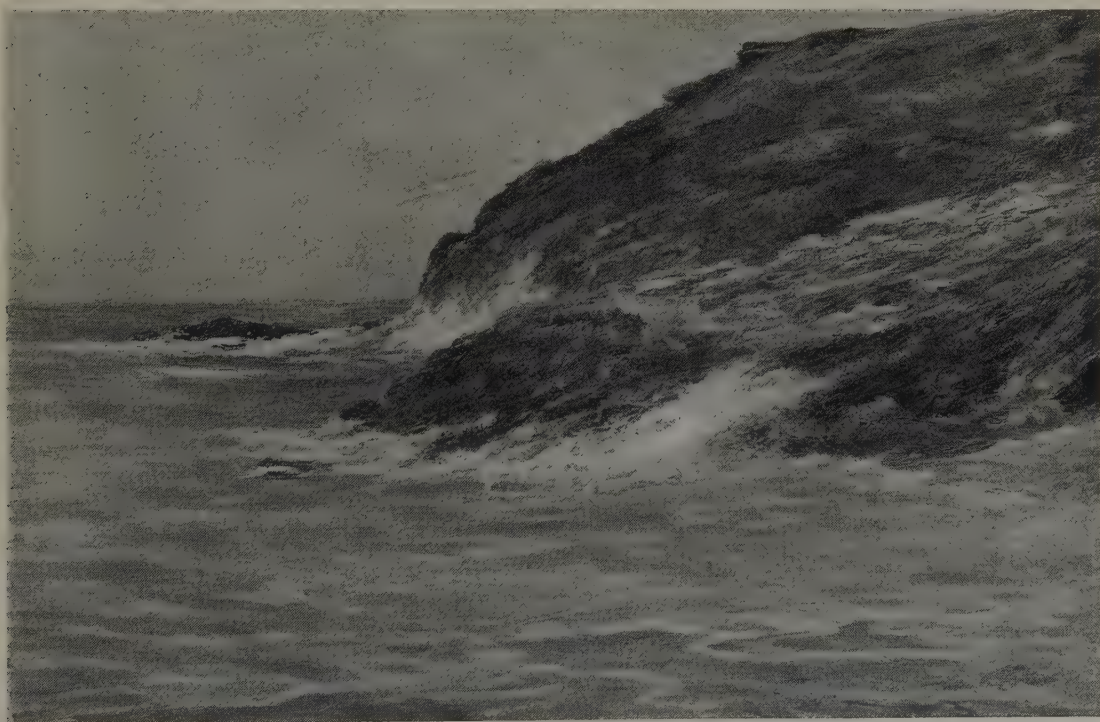
BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

(See *London Studio-Talk*, p. 226)

constitution and characteristic *bonhomie* enabled him to come in sympathetic contact with younger men, inspiring them always with elevated feeling and a hopeful outlook upon their Art, gaining always through his charming personality their high respect and affection.

H. B. B.

**M**ANCHESTER. — It was a feeling of sadness one experienced after viewing the recent exhibition of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. The Academy was founded forty-eight years ago. It makes one wonder: Is it the fault of the members, or the lack of appreciation in the third or fourth



"ON THE CORNISH COAST: TINTAGEL"

BY WALTER ELMSLEY



## Studio-Talk

largest city in Great Britain? Or has the spirit of commercialism stamped out the beautiful and killed the vitality of its early art, driving its artists to seek recognition, and the listeners to their pictured voices, to other fields, until the last call comes and the tired body rests under the loved Mother Earth, who has sung to them in her language and whose interpreters they were? Ignored by their homeland until their translations have become the wealth of art's secret in alien lands—not till then does their country claim them. But even in this respect Manchester fails to open her doors or hang in her permanent collection the work of her near neighbour, William Stott, of Oldham, or the pictured dreams of William Estall, born in her midst. Can it be wondered, then, that the Academy shows so little of distinctive interest? And yet I would pass willingly many times through the turnstiles to see the work of the few who redeemed it from what would otherwise be a depressing exhibition of the city's art.

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The work of H. S. Hopwood, A.R.W.S., claimed

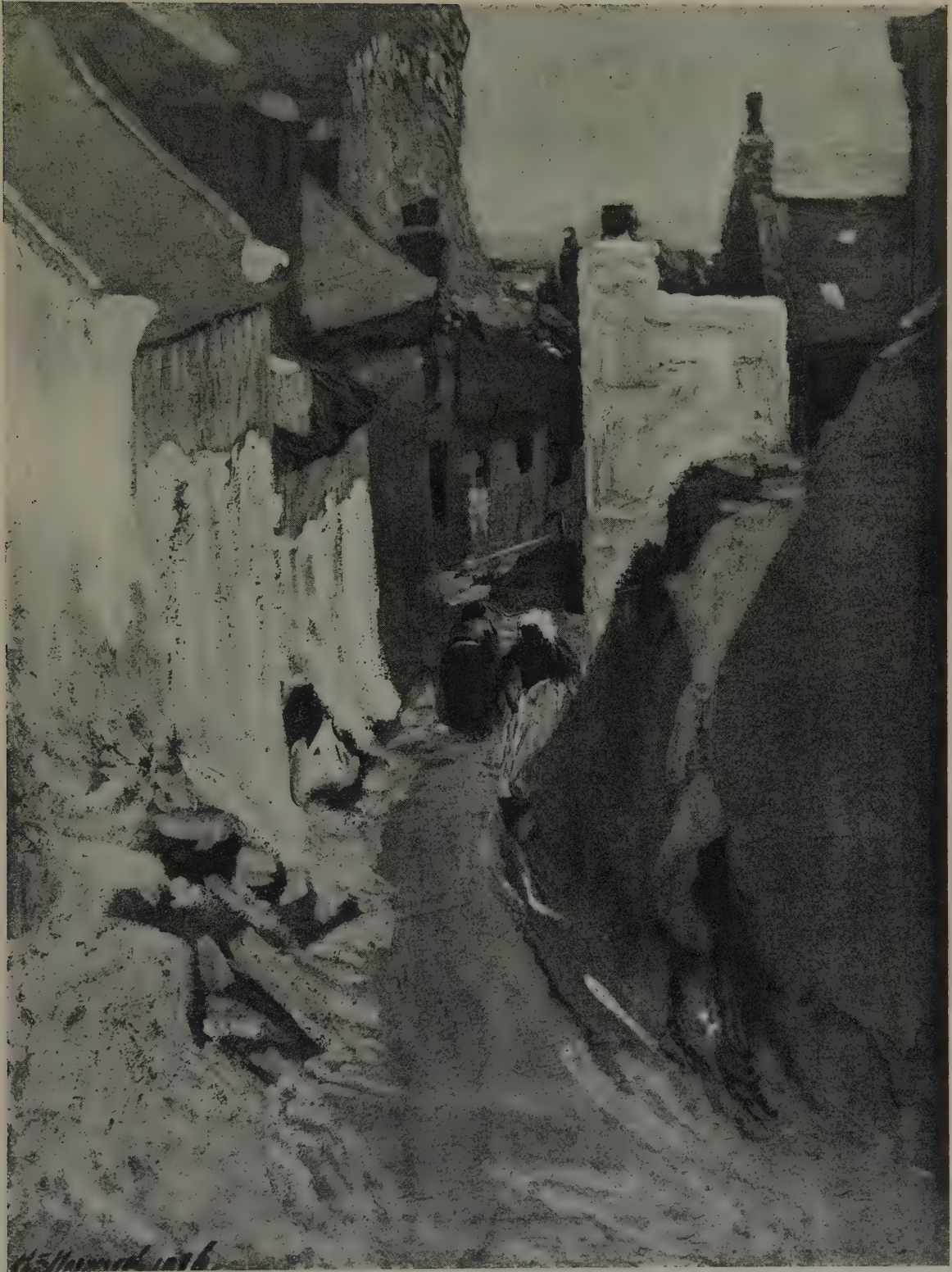
at once the attention by his large water-colour, *Cottage Service in the Hebrides*. Here one was entranced by the restrained, yet powerful, rendering of humble, homely humanity; while *A Street in Staithes, Yorks*, by the same artist, impressed one by its charming composition, colour and dignified strength. In his *Morning*, Mr. Hopwood strikes a harmony of subtle beauty, as if his fingers had played gently with the delightful interpretation that was evolving in his mind; delicately, too, so that nothing might be lost. The complex simplicity charms one; the table with its remembrances of the night, when tired hands had left it so, and the rapt pose of the maid as she lingers by the window, with the casement curtains slightly drawn, and peeps out to the wakened day where she catches a faint glimmer of grey, gold and silver-green from the litten landscape, and stands awed by the morning glory or held by the magic carol of some early songster tempting her to linger still awhile ere she sets the first meal, and work spells out the day. Lovers of the work of an artist, and those wishing to see more of Mr.



"THE FERRY"

BY FRED. W. JACKSON





“A STREET IN STAITHES,  
YORKS.” BY H. S. HOPWOOD





"INDUSTRY"

(In the National Gallery of British Art)

BY H. S. HOPWOOD



"MONT ST. MICHEL"

BY EDGAR WOOD

Hopwood's pictures than those here illustrated, will have an opportunity to do so at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Gallery in London, where an exhibition of his Tunis sketches and colour harmonies of his own homeland will be opened on the 19th, and a visit to the Tate Gallery will repay them, where his *Industry* has found a permanent resting place.

Mr. Fred. W. Jackson is another artist whose work one can linger over with growing appreciation. His *Ferry*, here illustrated, is a water-colour of much charm and masterly handling, the same power and individuality being shown in his larger canvases in oil, *The Brook in Springtime* and *Pastures*. Mr. Edgar Wood's dainty dream, *Mont St. Michel*, makes one desire to see more of this artist's work in the same medium. Among other exhibitors who claim attention is Mr. E. Kington Brice, who expresses the "mystery and magic of the sea" in his poetic and imaginative treatment of *The Surf Nymph*, in delicate green, gold and violet. In more realistic vein was the marine painting of Mr. Walter Elmsley, whose *On the Cornish Coast, Tintagel*, showed him at his best. Two other waveland pictures of much excellence and charm call for notice—*Solitude* and *A Silvery Sea*, by R. G. Somerset.

The work of the artist in clay was not a strong

## Studio-Talk

feature of the exhibition, and those from whom one would have expected greater things were represented with but a poor interpretation of their abilities. This section was only redeemed from the ultra-commonplace by the brain and deft fingers of Miss Gertrude E. Wright, whose work, if not beyond criticism in proportion, is at once interesting, and carries with it the poetic feeling of the artist in such a way that one would like to live with her creations, especially *Lady Bird*, *Lady Bird, fly away Home* (plaster bronze study).

In conclusion, although, as already suggested, the Academy is weighed in the balance and found wanting, let us hope that its members will awaken to the true responsibility of art and meet with a just appreciation.

E. A. T.

**B**ERLIN.—The circle of Art exhibitions here has been widened by an important addition. The Kgl. Kunstakademie has removed to its new home, the former Palais Redern in the Pariser Platz, and

an introductory show of works from foreign and German members has been opened there. This gallery is certainly the best situated and best lit of the capital, although the new Schulte Salon opposite to it is an excellent art home. A style of simple elegance pervades the rooms. The walls are kept in neutral tones, the doors framed in porphyry, and all the ceilings are fitted up with parts for skylights. We meet with representatives of the older and the modern style in painting, sculpture, architecture and the graphic arts, and recognise many old friends among the Harrachs, Gussows, Brachts, Werners, Hildebrands, Meyerheims, Herkomers, Tademas, Israels, Melchers, Dagnan-Bouverets, Liebermanns, Kallmorgens, Frenzels, and the Rodins, Lagaes Schapers, Lessings, Eberleins, and others. The Academy gallery will certainly be the guardian of conservatism, but it will welcome every work of good art without preference as to method. We reproduce from this show a powerful new work, *Wohlthätigkeit* (Charity), by Professor Arthur Kampf, one of the strongest among our younger academicians.

J. J.



"CHARITY"

BY ARTHUR KAMPF



## Studio-Talk

PARIS.—Exhibitions have been unusually numerous this spring, and one cannot help asking, with a certain feeling of anxiety, what is to become of the myriads of works shown on the walls of the innumerable galleries of the capital. Such an exhibition, however, as that of Maufra's pictures, held the other day at Messrs. Durand-Ruel's, stands by itself, *hors pair*. While numbering himself among the disciples of impressionists, this great artist interprets nature in a way peculiarly his own. The coasts of Brittany have claimed his special attention, and few have so well expressed the charm of these waters with their infinite variety of tint and aspects. Very successful, too, was M. Picabia's exhibition at the Haussmann Galleries.

This year's show of the Cercle de l'Union Artistique was certainly above the average. One was immediately captivated by the charming interiors by Walter Gay, and by a view of a room in the Doucet collection, rendered with much subtlety by M. Henri Tenré. A series of first-rate portraits by Flameng, Dagnan, Bonnat (*Head of Paderevski*), Guirand de Scevola, formed an agreeable attraction, as the works of these artists always do; and two female portraits by M. Jacques Blanche proved that he has lost none of his characteristic refinement. M. Zakarian is *par excellence* the painter of still-life, and it was a real pleasure to linger awhile and contemplate his two little contributions. Both M. Billotte and M. Monténard sent two landscapes worthy of their high reputation. Mention must be made of an excellent *Versailles*, by Guirand de Scevola; a view of the Pyramids, by M. Fitzgerald; and two admirable female portraits, by M. Ablett.

The quinquennial exhibition of the Boursiers de

Voyage at the Grand Palais, though rivalling in importance the annual salons, does not call for detailed notice here, since the majority of the exhibits have already been seen at one or other show, but it was none the less pleasant and interesting to find among them such distinguished artists as Cottet, Mlle. Dufau, d'Estienne, Morisset, Duvent, Michel, Fix-Masseau, Roger-Bloche.

At the Galerie Petit, M. Ferdinand Luigini's water-colour drawings of Holland and Belgium, revealed that originality of treatment and individuality of perception which place him in the front rank. I hope later on to speak of his work at greater length.

The works from the collection of M. Georges Viau, which were recently put up to auction, were previously exhibited for a few days at MM. Durand-Ruel's. M. Viau did not traverse the beaten tracks, and when he was forming his collec-



"SCHÖNBRUNN RUINS"

(See *Vienna Studio-Talk*)

BY HANS RANZONI





"THE TWILIGHT HOUR"

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

BY RUDOLF QUITTNER

tion some of the painters whose works he acquired were at that time practically unknown. Such, for example, was Cals (1810-1880), as to whom one is surprised at the meagre recognition he enjoyed during his life. So, too, with Mary Cassatt, known principally through Gustave Geffroy's admirable studies; it would be difficult to find anything more pleasing than her *Maternité*, a vivid symphony of bright and clear tones. Cézanne (1839-1906), for whom the Salon d'Automne is arranging a collective exhibition, though a little difficult to understand at times, has the eye and touch of a true colourist. The Viau collection is celebrated for its Daumiers. The group of heads called *Une Famille sur la Barricade*; *Révolution de 1848* is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Gauguin's sincere regard for nature was seen in an interesting landscape. Those works which bore the signature of Guillaumin, considered one of the most advanced of the impressionistic school, were marked by extreme simplicity of treatment. Carrière, Lebourg and Lépine were each repre-

sented by important works. M. Viau's judgment, however, was never better shown than in his Monets, all of the very first order. Some fine examples of Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, completed this admirable group. H. F.

**V**IENNA.—There was some very good work shown at the recent exhibition of the Vienna Water-Colour Painters, who are also members of the Genossenschaft. It was not confined to water-colours, works in tempera and pastel being also admitted. The quality of the work showed an advance in the right direction; the younger members were well to the fore, and their contributions, breathing the freshness of youth, were, on the whole, very pleasing. It was most interesting to notice the slow but steady march of the older members, some of whom were represented by exceptionally good work.

Several admirable works were shown by Ferdinand





COLOURED DRAWING

BY I. JUNGWIRTH

Brunner—familiar bits of landscape, village scenes with lowing cattle, or an old barn-wall with the sun falling in full glare upon it and giving life and light to the stubble around. Hugo Darnaut, in his *Peasant Homestead in the Evening Sun* and *Troop on the March*, gave us two works inspired by true poetic feeling, and notable for their atmospheric qualities. Hans Ranzoni's *Schönbrunn Ruins* (tempera), is eminently decorative and withal true. Another excellent work is his *Full Moon* (also tempera)—an old street with moonbeams falling upon it and reflecting all in tones of blue. Eduard Ameseder exhibited a farmyard scene in tempera. These farmyards are very different to the well-kept English ones, but nevertheless they offer great opportunities to the sympathetic artist.

Eduard Kasparides' water-colour *Bewegte See*, his *Moonrise*, and his pastel drawing of the *Wiener-Neustädter Kanal*, near Guntramsdorf, are all good examples of this artist's art. Fine in line and happy in colouring, particularly in the last-mentioned picture, his pictures have a certain poetic feeling of their own. Eduard Zetsche's *Scenes on Lake Garda* and other water-colours are charming

pieces of colouring, finely conceived and feelingly expressed. Karl Pippich's *Italian Studies in Italy*, his *Ringstrasse*, with the Imperial Opera in snow, are worthy of praise. Heinrich Tomec, Max Suppant-schitsch, Hans Will, Hugo Charlemont, J. Nep Geller were all well represented, and their works presented a large and pleasing variety in colour and treatment.

Rudolf Quittner's *Dämmerstunde* (pastel), a twilight scene on the Ring when the lights are beginning to fall, is full of "Stimmung" and atmosphere, and the play of lights is admirably conceived and executed. This artist also exhibited other works which show an advance on previous achievements. Josef Basek sent but one picture, *Late Autumn*, in tempera and Raphael crayon, a beautiful work in respect of its harmonious lights. Adolf Schwarz contributed two pastels depicting rushing whirling water.

Among the portraitists represented on this occasion, William V. Krausz exhibited an excellent portrait of him-



STUDIO FIREPLACE

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND



GARDEN ROOM

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND.

self and a portrait of a gentleman. László's work, needless to say, was admirable. Hedwig von Friedlander, David Kohn, Rudolf von Mehoffer, N. Schattenstein, L. Koch, and O. Herochel all contributed good work. Among the ladies, Therese Schneegans, Stefanie Glax, and Edith V. Czizek-Stengel must be mentioned, for each contributed good examples of their art. There were also a number of etchings and coloured drawings, those by Josef Jungwirth deserving particular notice. He is very happy in his choice of subjects and in his methods, especially when depicting figures in movement. Altogether the exhibition was a good one, and that it was appreciated is proved by the fact that nearly everything was sold. A. S. L.

**B**UDA-PESTH.—The illustrations we give on these pages of furniture designed by Eduard Wigand, one of the leading decorative artists of this city, are interesting as showing a diversity of style, determined by the requirements to be fulfilled in the several cases. But alike in those designs in which

which a drawing-room or dining-room are subject to, and the rustic character of the environment may and should operate as a factor. In the garden room illustrated the material is treated in the simplest possible way, but with due regard to that rhythmical beauty which is characteristic of Hungarian peasant art. To the same order belong the school-room, the dining-room in Hungarian style, and the children's nursery.

The same principles have been observed, though



SCHOOL-ROOM

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND





DINING-ROOM (MODERN STYLE)

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND



DINING-ROOM (HUNGARIAN STYLE)

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND



DRAWING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND



DRAWING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND





NURSERY

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND

different purposes have been subserved, in the dining-room (modern style), the drawing-room, and in the studio, of which illustrations are given. The ideas which have here influenced the designer may be exemplified by reference to one or two characteristic articles. Take the table and sideboard in the large dining-room; the material employed for these is one of the costly woods, highly polished, its lines and contours are appropriately broad, and the construction, too, is in keeping with the choice quality of the material. Where, however, the surfaces are so large that the grain of the wood is ineffective as a decorative element, another material—in this case mother-of-pearl—is employed for the purpose. The walls are bright green with gold, and make an agreeable setting. In the interiors designed by Wigand it should be re-

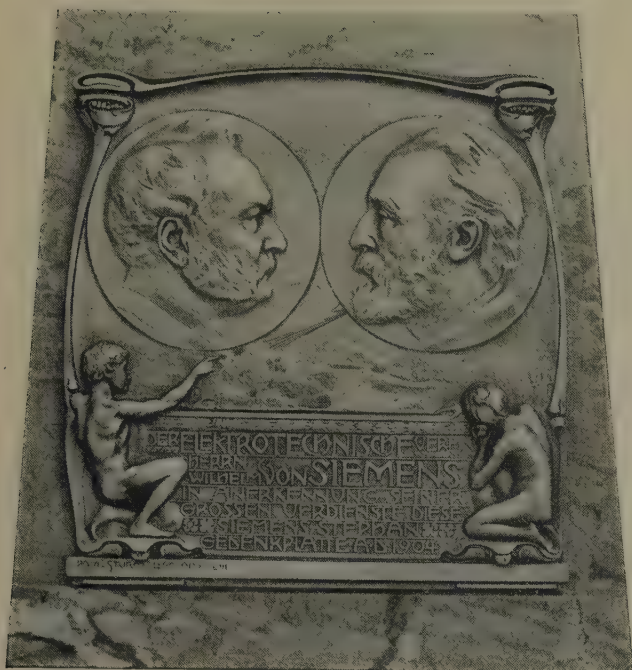
marked that colour plays a not inconspicuous part. An apt example of this is furnished by the studio fireplace (p. 240), but it is of course impossible to give in a black-and-white reproduction more than the vaguest hint of the feeling for colour which the artist-designer has here displayed.

K.L.



STUDIO

DESIGNED BY EDUARD WIGAND



PLAQUETTE

BY PAUL STURM

MUNICH.—To most readers of THE STUDIO Paul Sturm is perhaps *homo novus*. Even in Germany it is only in recent years that he has become known to wider circles as an excellent medallist, and by his increasing efforts to infuse new life into the art of carving in stone, as it was practised by the master medallists of Germany in the middle ages. Though these masters at first were wont to cut their models in wood—usually boxwood—in later years they showed a preference for Kehlheim stone, until at length this procedure also was supplanted by the method used in Italy and France of making models in wax, and so by degrees became quite forgotten.

Unlike the leading medallists of France, who take plaster casts from large wax or clay models and then by means of the reducing machine bring these to the size desired for the bronze,

Paul Sturm cuts his models to the size which the finished medal is to have, using for this purpose Solnerhof stone, that same soft and fine-grained stone which suggested to Senefelder its applicability for his new process of lithographic printing. Naturally, this method debars him from introducing ornamental adjuncts and the multitudinous details one is accustomed to find on *plaquettes* produced from large wax models, and which the reducing machine reproduces faithfully albeit without the delicate gradations of the original. On the other hand, Sturm's achievements have this to their credit, that they are real works of art; the personal note they acquire from this direct execution by the artist is not marred by any mechanical process.

Sturm first attracted the notice of connoisseurs by the works he submitted in a competition instituted by the Government of Saxony in 1902, among which were some carvings in stone. This competition was the turning-point in his career. Professor Georg Treu at once recognised the importance of this revival of stone-carving as bearing on the development of modern medallic art in Germany, and purchased several of these carvings by Sturm for the Albertinum at Dresden. Sturm's name thus became known, and the following years saw a quick succession of numerous



"RÉVERIE"

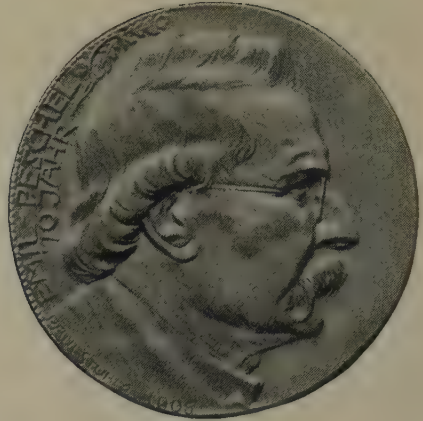
BY PAUL STURM





MEDAL

BY PAUL STURM



MEDAL

BY PAUL STURM

admirable works marked by greater and greater perfection. One need only mention his medals of King George of Saxony, Richard Wagner, Felix Draesecke, Ludwig Richter, Julius Blüthner, Eugen D'Albert. One of his finest things, however, is his Georg Treu medal, remarkable alike for its fidelity as a portrait and for the consummate modelling of the head, as well as the delicate treatment of the hair.

Sturm has also done some agreeable work in other branches of sculpture. If his statuettes are of a somewhat conventional type, still they are not lacking in traits of individuality, and show their author to be an artist of genuine feeling and strong personality.

L. D.

DRESDEN.—Three remarkable pieces of sculpture by Max Klinger have been on exhibition here within the last few months. Two of them were executed in silver; and I must confess that the manner of treating the material is not congenial to me. From a long era of highly-polished silver plate, the present age has, under the leadership of Ashbee and others, returned, it is alleged, to treating the surface of silver "matt," and not making use of the specific character which may be given to this metal by polishing it. Whereas opinions may be divided on the advisability of this departure as regards real plate, I should think the great majority of connoisseurs would agree in condemning it, when pieces of cabinet sculpture—ordinarily executed in bronze—are in question.

At any rate, both Klinger's *Table Decoration* for the Banqueting Hall of the Leipsic Court-house, and his *Galatea* do not display beauty of material,



STATUETTE

BY PAUL STURM



ERNST ARNOLD'S NEW GALLERIES, DRESDEN

SCULPTURE BY WILHELM KREIS

but look a little like plaster casts that have been painted over with so-called "silver-bronze."

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The figure of the *Table Decoration* is about half life-size, the *Galatea* under a third life-size. Several anatomists, in whose presence I have looked at the *Table Decoration*, expressed their admiration in unmodified terms. To the laity, much of the figure appears to be "out of drawing." If we reflect, we can recall occasions upon which every one of us has seen, some time or other, a limb upon another person, or perhaps our own, in a looking-glass, looking so queer that we exclaimed, "Now, if I saw that in a painting, I would not hesitate to pronounce it altogether wrong and out of drawing."

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In this case, where professional knowledge is pitted against general observation and it sides with the artist, no doubt the latter is in the right so far as his facts are concerned. Yet it is doubtful whether he is right from an artistic point of view. If his work is so very much at variance with the general observation of the laity, may it be ever so correct, it will antagonise the public, and it will consequently, but for rare exceptions, fail to win

the public over. So much of the recent Continental art has been established on this unsound basis of startling the public, in rousing it by certain brusqueness. But the trick is beginning to lose its effectiveness, and, after all, the greatest works of former ages have been achieved when the artist, speaking generally, starts from the same premises as the public who are to receive his work.

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Klinger's sculptures have often and in many ways pointedly failed to take the susceptibilities of the general public into consideration, and none more so than the *Galatea*. The position of the child is sure to offend some, and it seems strained and awkward. One cannot suppress the feeling that the artist's leading motive was to fly in the face of the public. His latest statue, the *Diana*, is altogether free from this, and I do not know of any other plastic work by Klinger which depends thus solely upon its merits as a beautiful statue as this one. There is no literary and no artistic eccentricity involved; it appeals only to our senses of sight and touch. We may assume Diana to be portrayed in the moment of her being surprised by Actæon. She has not yet recognised the nature of the disturbance, but while she turns her head to ascertain





STUDY FOR "ISOLDE"  
BY FERNAND KHNOPFF

## Reviews and Notices

it, she involuntarily attempts to veil what mortal eye is not to behold.

The *Diana*, never before exhibited, was one of the principal features distinguishing the opening of Mr. Ernst Arnold's new galleries. These new galleries, containing five top-lighted saloons and four side-lighted ones, may well be ranked along with the most important private exhibition galleries in Europe. The staircase, hall, and two exhibition rooms for drawings and etchings were designed by H. Vandevelde; one of the sculpture galleries by the Dresden architect, W. Kreis; another, by M. H. Kühne. At the moment of writing there are three excellent one-man shows on view there, embracing the work of O. Zwintscher, of Dresden; L. von Hofmann, of Weimar, and William Strang, of London, who has sent half-a-dozen canvases, a number of oil-studies, a set of marvellous and variegated drawings, and about a hundred of his most important etchings, including a proof set of his illustrations to "Ye Ancient Mariner." H. W. S.

**L**EIPZIG.—In the Gutenberg Hall of the Buchgewerbemuseum, the Graphic Exhibition of the "Künstlerbund" was opened in February and will last till April 21. The exhibition has the great advantage of being small, limited to two rooms only. The principal characteristic element appears to be the strong tendency towards simplicity in regard to broad effects in wood engraving and printing. Coloured lithographic prints are numerous, and there are also some excellent examples of coloured and toned wood engravings, but the predominant feature here is black and white. In the wood-engraving section I may point to the names of Emil Rudolf Weiss (Friedenau), Weidemeyer (Worpswede), Daniel Staschus (München), Emil Orlik (Berlin), Margarete Havemann (Grabow), and C. Schmoll von Eisenwerth (München). Emil Nolde (Soest) contributes some strong black and white work. In coloured etching Olaf Lange (Dachau) and Edvard Munch (Kösen) are conspicuous, while in work with the needle and burin only Prof. von Stuck has (besides some fine drawings of male nudes) a plate called *Sin and Sensuality*, showing a snake encircling a woman's body. Graf Kalckreuth, Louis Corinth, Carlos Grethe, Otto Friedrich (Wien), Alexander Eckener (Stuttgart), Hermann Daur (Ötlingen), Hans am Ende (Worpswede), Arthur Illies (Mellingstedt), Georg Jahn (Dresden), and R. Jettmar (Wien) are characteristically represented in lithography as well as in etching. W. S.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

*The Essentials of Aesthetics.* By GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND, Litt.D. (London: John Murray.) 10s. 6d. net.—To treat within the limits of a single volume the essential qualities of all the arts would appear to be an almost superhuman task, yet the author of this new work on aesthetics evidently embarked on his enterprise with a light heart and no doubt as to his complete success. "The phenomena of the arts of the highest class," he says, "have been traced to their sources in material nature and in the human mind; the different arts have been shown to be developed by exactly similar methods; and these methods have been shown to characterise the entire work of artistic imagination, from the formulation of psychical concepts to that of their most physical expressions in rhythm, proportion, and harmony." Conjointly with these subjects he adds, "the effects of all the arts together upon everything that makes for culture and for humanity have been considered in themselves as well as in their relations to religion and science, to both of which art is somewhat allied." How far this most ambitious programme has been carried out it must be for those who use the book to determine, but the probability is that the proficients in the arts considered—Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture—will feel a certain sense of inadequacy, for no outsider can ever hope to go to the very root of the matter. On the other hand, Dr. Raymond has collected a vast amount of information and many very suitable illustrations that will be of no little value to the teacher and student of art. Some of his essays, notably that on Rhythm, are full of interesting suggestion, and prove that their author, whatever else he may lack, is a master of literary style.

*Fernand Khnopff.* Par L. DUMONT-WILDEN (Brussels: G. Van Oest & Cie.) 10 frs.—Readers of "THE STUDIO" are familiar with the work of the famous Belgian painter, whose rare personality is portrayed in the pages of this monograph. M. Dumont-Wilden, in his most interesting study, has sought the lines along which the artist's sensitive and dreamy temperament has evolved until at this moment his art stands a symbol of the philosophic attitude of his day towards material beauty in relationship to the unknowable that surrounds us. The book, which is in French, is an exceptionally thoughtful example of a kind of monograph to which in the present times we are accustomed. It is admirably illustrated from the painter's works. The illustrations include the *Study for Isolde* here reproduced.

*Glass.* By EDWARD DILLON, M.A. (London:



## Reviews and Notices

Methuen.) 25s. net.—Although in his useful contribution to the well-known Connoisseur's Library Mr. Dillon deals with glass in the restricted sense of *verrerie*, or vessels of glass, and *verroterie*, or ornaments in glass, such as beads, etc., using the French words for want of exact English equivalents, he prepares the way in his introduction for a just appreciation of the essential characteristics of those two branches of the glass-maker's art by giving a brief history of the craft in general. With occasional gaps in the continuity of the story, when temporary causes brought about a break in the production of æsthetic glass, he traces the development of the various branches of the art from the earliest times to the present day, dividing his subject into three periods, the first dating from prehistoric days to the discovery of glass-blowing, the second extending from the beginning of the Christian era to the end of the eighteenth century, and the third, to which he gives the name of the industrial period, when the manufacture of glass became an important craft in England and France, taking in the whole of the nineteenth century. The technical mysteries of the craft are admirably elucidated, as, for instance, in the case of the stipple or dotted method of the Dutch of the early seventeenth century, by means of which a design of the utmost delicacy—a mere breath, as it were—is made to appear on the surface of the glass; and again when the different kinds of Venetian beads are explained. Noteworthy also are the descriptions of seventeenth and eighteenth-century Oriental glass, in which, with many other fine examples of the products of Asia, is one of a very remarkable Indian basin with white flowers on a gold ground. The only drawback to a publication that will delight every connoisseur is the strangely inadequate account of modern glass, which is cursorily dismissed in four pages. Only three names, those of the American Tiffany and the Frenchmen Emil Gallé and Henri Cros, are mentioned, the English Powell, who represents the oldest glass manufacturing firm of Great Britain, and the Italian Salviati being alike ignored. The volume contains numerous excellent illustrations, many in colour.

*Westminster Abbey and the King's Craftsmen.* By W. R. LETHABY. (London: Duckworth.) 12s. 6d. net.—The characteristic feature of this new work, the outcome of twelve years of close research, is its recognition of the importance of individual craftsmen in the evolution of the great Abbey. As the author remarks, it has hitherto been assumed that nothing is known, or may be known, of the architects of our mediæval buildings; but, he

adds, so great is the mass of records which have been preserved regarding their erection, that an account of the builders of several of them can be made out with some fulness, and he claims that Westminster Abbey is better documented than any of them. After giving in his Introduction a general account of the beautiful old church from the art point of view, laying special stress on the surviving details, however fragmentary, of the original buildings of each period, he proceeds to identify the work of a number of builders, masons, sculptors, painters, metal-workers, &c., including Masters Henry of Westminster, Robert de Beverley, Richard of Wytham, Thomas of Canterbury, William Ramsay, Alexander of Abingdon, William of Ireland, Richard of Reading, William of London, Walter of Durham, Hugh of St. Albans, William Trel and others of lesser importance, supplementing his narratives with many illustrations of typical examples of structural and decorative work. The mischief done by unskilful restoration and neglect of the simplest means of preservation, as well as by wilful destruction, is forcibly and painfully brought out, but the dominant feeling of the reader is one of thankfulness that so much still remains to bear witness to the religious enthusiasm that, as in the great Continental cathedrals, inspired the whole army of workmen whose privilege it was to aid in raising up and adorning the grand fabric to the glory of God.

*Original Drawings of the Dutch and Flemish Schools in the Print Room of the State Museum at Amsterdam.* Selected by the Director, E. W. Moes. (The Hague: M. Nijhoff; London: Williams & Norgate.) Parts VII.—X., £1 14s. net each.—The first half-dozen instalments of this work having already been noticed in these columns, it only remains for us to repeat, now that the concluding instalments have made their appearance, that the unique series of reproductions constituting the work cannot fail to be of the utmost value alike to the connoisseur interested in the great masters of the Low Countries and to the art student. To the latter, especially, their importance cannot be overrated, on account of the insight they give into the many and diverse methods pursued by these old masters. They show, too, that these masters, numbering nearly a hundred and counting among them most of those who have made the Dutch and Flemish Schools famous for all time, assiduously cultivated the art of drawing from nature as a foundation for their permanent work, giving point in this respect to Carlyle's definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. In our previous notice we referred to the numerous examples among these drawings

## Reviews and Notices

which show the application of water-colour in varying degrees as being of particular interest, and in these last instalments further examples of this are given, among them being some (as, for instance, Constantijn Huygens' *In the Camp near Bonn*) in which a little coloured wash is used to brighten a sepia drawing, while in others (e.g., Gerard van Battem's *Sketch of a Town*) we have water-colour drawings pure and simple. To the ordinary student the cost of the complete work (£17) is, of course, prohibitive, but there is no reason why it should not find its way into art schools.

*English Costume.* Painted and described by DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. Georgian. (London: A. & C. Black.) 7s. 6d. net.—This, the last volume of a very useful publication, shares the merits and shortcomings of its predecessors. The information given has been collected from a great variety of sources, and the sketches of details of costume, incorporated in the text, do much to elucidate it, but the full-page illustrations in colour are by no means satisfactory, the artist's sartorial lore being far superior to his technical skill and knowledge of the anatomy of the human form. The best drawings in the book are the small reproductions after the Dightons.

*Ornamental Designs for Art Workers.* (Vienna: F. Wolfrum & Co.)—The demand for works on ornamental design is increasing, and in view of this the publishers of this portfolio have established a bureau where practised designers are engaged in creating designs for their various publications. The work under consideration consists of forty-eight plates containing designs in colours for various decorative purposes, each plate comprising several drawings. There are designs for jewellery, textiles, spoons, leather goods, pottery and porcelain, cross-stitch, embossed leather and silver plate, lace, furniture, embroidery, stained-glass windows, etc. It is not the intention of the designers that their designs should be copied blindly, but those seeking help will find a fruitful source of ideas and suggestions in their work. All the designs are of a practical character, the designers being men who know thoroughly the practical side of applied art.

The number of books on wood-carving which make their appearance from time to time seem to point to increasing cultivation of this craft. Mr. William Bemrose's well-known *Manual of Wood-Carving* (Bemrose & Sons, 5s.), is now in its twenty-second edition, a fact which is sufficient proof of its popularity. It is a work avowedly written for the instruction of learners, who should be able to follow without other assistance the

explicit directions which the book contains, along with numerous clear illustrations of implements and designs. A wider field is covered by a new work recently published by Mr. Batsford, viz.: *Practical Wood-Carving* (7s. 6d. net), by Eleanor Rowe. Miss Rowe's knowledge of the craft is very extensive and in this work we have some of the fruits of her twenty years' experience as manager of that excellent institution—the School of Art Wood-Carving at South Kensington. The implements and woods employed, the various methods of work, Gothic, Renaissance, and pierced carving, are treated in successive chapters, amply illustrated, concluding with an instructive discussion of treatment and design. A useful glossary is appended. We have also before us two portfolios of wood-carving designs—one by Muriel Moller (Batsford, 6s. net) consisting of six sheets of excellent working drawings of panels, frames, etc., with examples of furniture suitable for them, as to which Mr. Walter Crane writes an appreciative foreword, while the other consists of twenty plates containing in all thirty examples of *Old English Wood Carving Patterns* (Batsford, 8s. 6d. net), selected and drawn in facsimile by Margaret F. Malim, from rubbings taken from the best specimens of Jacobean furniture. Both these sets of drawings should prove of great utility to the carver in wood.

Messrs. Newnes' series of volumes dealing with "The Drawings of the Great Masters" has received two interesting additions. In the one Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower contributes a brief but instructive introduction to the *Drawings of Thomas Gainsborough*, of which forty-three examples are reproduced; while the other volume is devoted to Leonardo da Vinci, whose exquisite work as a draughtsman is ably dealt with at some length by Mr. C. Lewis Hind. The price of each volume is 7s. 6d. net.

Of the so-called *Rokeby Venus* of Velasquez, an excellent mezzotint engraving has just been published by the Caxton Publishing Company of London and Edinburgh. The plate has been engraved by Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford, one of a number of young men trained under the distinguished painter, Prof. Hubert von Herkomer, who are making names for themselves. Mr. Crawford's rendering of the now world-famous painting is in every way admirable, and will, we believe, commend itself to all admirers of the original. The issue is limited to 350 signed artist proofs.

(Owing to pressure on our space this month we are obliged to hold over a number of reviews.)



## *The Lay Figure*

### THE LAY FIGURE: ON REALISTS AND REALISM.

"I HAVE a very strong objection to the tendency, which is, I notice, very prevalent now among artists, to narrow down broad definitions until they lose their real meaning," said the Art Critic, "and to the readiness of small cliques of workers to arrogate to themselves titles which do not rightly belong to them."

"What do you mean?" enquired the Man with the Red Tie. "Your remark is no doubt quite justified; but I must confess I cannot see what you are driving at."

"I will give you an instance of what I mean," replied the Critic. "Have you not noticed that a certain group of painters assume the name of realists, merely because they record coarsely and crudely the vile side of life and take a brutal pleasure in its ugliness? They deny this title to every other artist who does not accept their special convention and join with them in pursuit of their unworthy objects. I say that the true realist is not to be ticketed in this manner, as a follower of a bad fashion, and that he does not belong to any clique."

"I think I can follow your argument," returned the Man with the Red Tie. "You would claim that the name under which this particular group elects to be known really belongs to a large school of artists, and that the group is wrongly appropriating to itself what is, or should be, common property."

"Precisely!" cried the Critic. "You put the case in a nutshell. I say that all sincere artists are realists, if only they study nature rightly and seriously; and that a clique which has eyes for only one phase or aspect of nature has no right to use an honourable title in an absurdly narrow way. Realism is not a fashion, and it is certainly not the commonplace piece of conventionality which the men of whom I complain would make it."

"Tell me, please, what realism is," broke in the Decorator. "What we are asked to accept as realism in the present day seems to me to be nothing but the representation of what is either obvious or offensive. Is this the convention that you complain about? If so, I join with you in your protest."

"I welcome you as a supporter," laughed the Critic. "I thought you would back me up. What I understand by realism is the honest and genuine representation of what is best in nature for artistic

purposes. The true realist seeks for character, but he also earnestly cultivates his selective sense until he is able to distinguish between the character that is pictorially beautiful and that which is not. He does not waste his energies in exalting mere prettiness or in treating little trifles chosen haphazard from a mass of other trivialities, all of which are equally unimportant. He would be no realist if he did that. The realism he seeks is not dull, stupid, and ugly actuality, but the deeper and worthier truth that comes from searching insight into the characteristic aspects of Nature."

"Wait a minute!" cried the Man with the Red Tie. "If this is realism, what becomes of idealism? You are broadening out your definition until it covers all the abstractions of which art can take account. Do you recognise no distinctions?"

"Yes!" replied the Critic. "The idealist aims at what appears to him to be a combination of perfection which Nature rarely if ever exhibits at one and the same time. In his effort to portray the human form he selects from one model an arm, from another the bust, and from a third the head—failing to find in one model alone all the conditions of perfection which he wishes to arrive at. The realist, on the other hand, accepts the condition of Nature as he finds it. He is content to portray what to the idealist appears to be an imperfection when that imperfection is requisite to the representation of his subject."

"Then what becomes of our friends, the modern so-called realists, who belong to the clique you condemn?" enquired the Man with the Red Tie. "Do they not represent Nature, and has their work no foundation in actuality?"

"Yes, it has a foundation in actuality just as the work of the idealist is, in its essence, founded upon actuality. The idealist selects that which appears to him to be of a beautiful and elevating character; the pseudo-realist, however, selects only that which is ignoble and defacing. He is, in fact, a perverted idealist and has no right to take rank among the worthier members of a school whose chief and ultimate aim is to depict nature as we see it. His art is a foul art; soiled by contact with the squalid side of civilized life, and wanting utterly in that purer atmosphere which comes only from association with clean, wholesome nature. It is not realism, because it has no genuine reality; it is the artificial representation of things produced by unnatural conditions, and it advertises its artificiality by sailing under false colours."

THE LAY FIGURE.

## *William Ordway Partridge*

### *AMERICAN SECTION*

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**W**ILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE  
BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE'S statue of the Indian princess Pocahontas will shortly be put into bronze. This statue is to stand in place on Jamestown Island, Virginia, and will be there unveiled within the next few months. A copy will be shown at the Jamestown Exposition.

The statue is William Partridge's latest work and commemorates a particular incident in the life of Pocahontas. She is represented at the moment when she is about to speak the warning which saved the colonists from certain death and shaped the destinies of the new world of America. It is the instant of arrested motion. On her brow is the portent of her message. In her eyes the level look of daring, she holds her hands in the attitude of one appealing for silence and belief. It is a speaking figure and impresses one with the beauty and gentleness of that self-sacrificing spirit. The subject is a grateful one, for many reasons, and one that should appeal strongly to the mind of the sculptor.

A subject has many avenues through which to make appeal to the mind. First, there is the appeal of the subject, then comes the mind's conception, and, at last, the completed expression; but between the conception and the actual realisation lies a road hedged about with difficulties and beset with fantastic terrors so persistent and so real that they can be fully known for what they are and for what they mean only to those who have travelled it.

It is perhaps true that sculpture makes a stronger and more immediate appeal to the imagination than any other mode of expression in art, and we can find reasonable cause for this. As in the objects of Nature herself there is in sculpture the appeal of the actual shape and form; added to this is the unity of impression and the intense pleasure which the mind takes in constant variation in a fixed and permanent image. In this regard the figure or

the group borrows the mantle of Nature and wears it, and as of right, being to the manner born, the living white touches of the dawn, the beating fires of the zenith, the vanishing glories of the sunset, the twilight's impalpable scarf of lilac and grey, the night's shroud of shadow and the "glimpses of the moon"—all these the sculptured figure appropriates as naturally as does the mountain or the tree—and all these add force and beauty to the impression which sculpture makes upon the mind; and, but for the evidences of intention, that prison chain of the mind of man, sculpture seems to hold and keep



*Copyright, 1907, by William Ordway Partridge*

POCAHONTAS  
(FOR JAMESTOWN)

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE



## William Ordway Partridge



GRANT STATUE  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

within its forms the force, the dignity and the silence of Nature herself.

This intention in the work and the continuous invitation to consider the facts or fancies represented or suggested may be added as attributes making further appeal to the mind of the world. Is there ever a free work? Do we ever see, even in a pure, abstract work of the imagination, the entire absence of that slave's chain, intention? Almost never; and yet the only art that is absolutely and entirely great is the art which reveals no intent. It must be a pure creation which lays hold of and makes its own the hidden spirit which is in Nature, the unknown forces, the strange and ever-eluding beauty. It must impress us with the sense of eternal mystery—of profound and awe-inspiring doubt. The true province of all entirely great art is not to reveal intent, but to impress ideas, to suggest. Just as all true inspiration is in attaining, not to have attained, so art should stir the mind. It should awaken thought, not satisfy it.

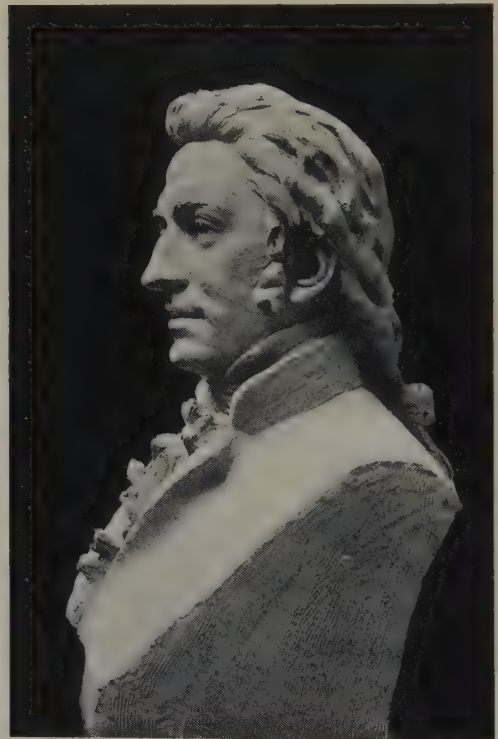
Usually the world, especially our world, demands art with the intention brought well up to the front, and usually it gets what it demands and is satisfied, more or less. But it is only when it stands before a work of art which it did not demand, an interpretation in which it cannot find the intent for which it seeks, that it is awakened from the stupor produced by the obvious and becomes profoundly impressed.

Is there ever a free work? Well, sometimes. Sometimes a genius gets outside of the iron cage in

which the world has put him long enough to execute something purely creative and entirely great, some work which really vindicates his claim, an embodiment of his own thought and feeling.

Such a work is a figure by Saint Gaudens which one may see in Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington. The figure is seated beside a grave, in a lonely place, but it would be equally impressive seated anywhere. It might be a Fate, Silence or a figure of Memory or Sorrow. It has been called a woman—but to me it is not, except in the form—to me it seems the embodiment of the Eternal Soul waiting, waiting in time-defying patience, until it shall see the solving of life's mystery in the tragedy of the dust.

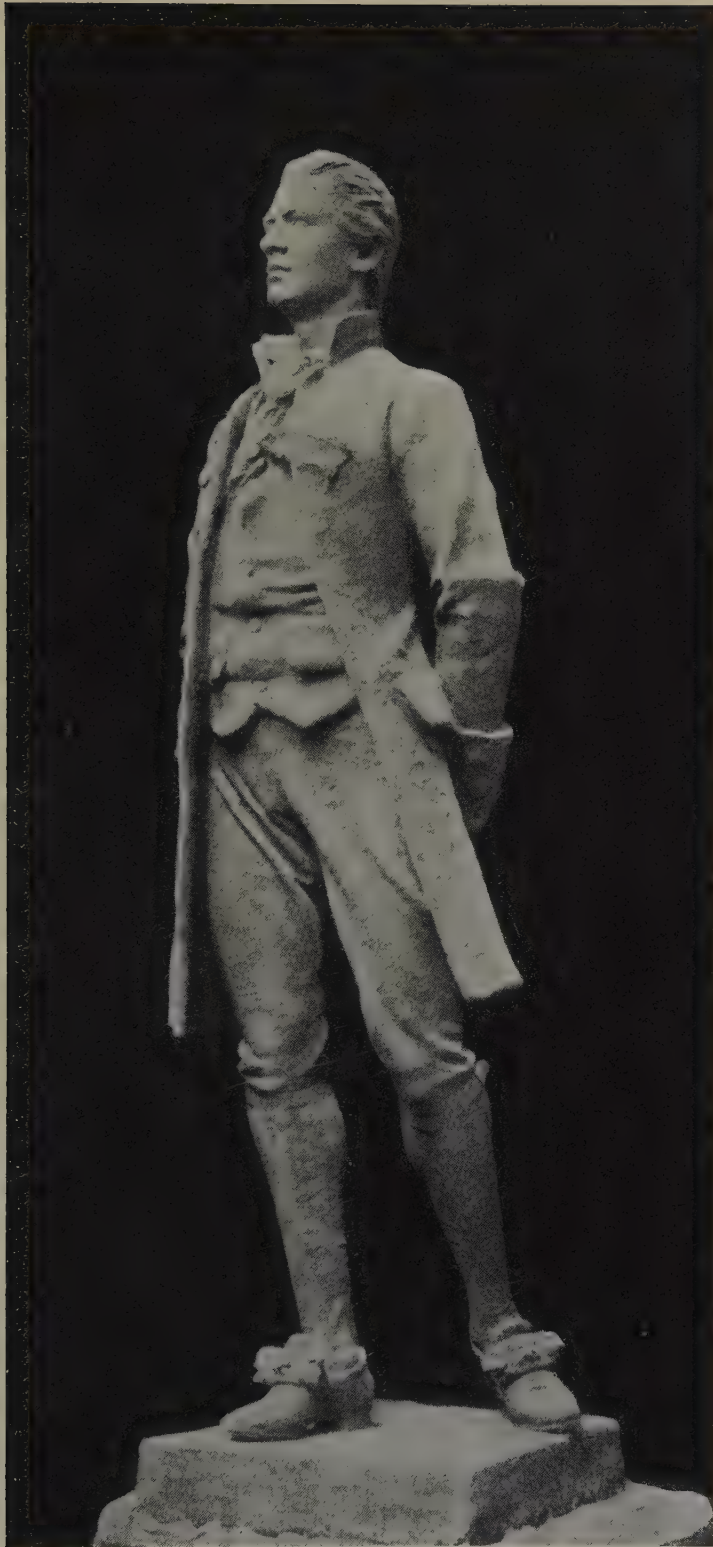
Mr. Partridge has produced so much that a mere categorical men-



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CLARK  
LEWIS AND CLARK  
MEMORIAL, ST. LOUIS

BY WILLIAM  
ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

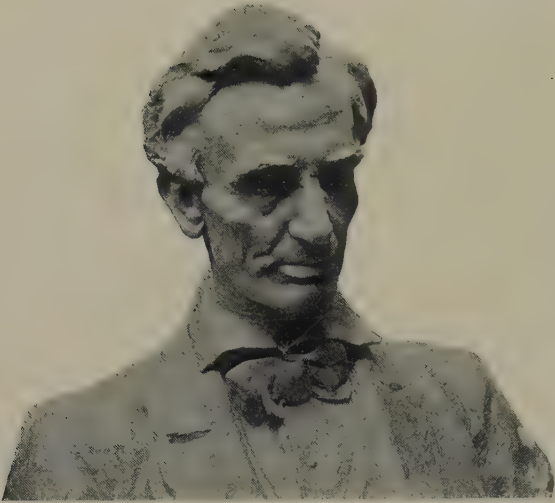


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NATHAN HALE  
DESIGNED FOR YALE UNIVERSITY  
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE



## William Ordway Partridge



Copyright, 1903, by William Ordway Partridge

LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

tion of his work would far outrun the limits of an article of this nature. He has—besides his work in sculpture—a number of books to his credit, among them a novel and a life of Nathan Hale. He is also the author of a number of poems of rare grace and beauty. All of Mr. Partridge's work shows the touch of the idealist, and, considering the wide range of it, it is wonderfully even. Technically, it is never over-insisting but never lacking. Always there is the charm and the sense of power. At its best, as in the figure seated upon the exedra—a memorial piece, also in Rock Creek Cemetery—the sense of beauty is transcending. This work we may compare with the figure by Saint Gaudens. In the work of Saint Gaudens the sense of mystery is perhaps greater; the idea more abstract. There is also more evidence of the studio demand for *bigness* in treatment. This is about the only touch of weakness in the work. The bigness should be there, but it should in no way give evidence of the demand in the mind of the maker. The Partridge figure is a dream of pure loveliness. The intense sympathy is made to seem the easy and natural expression of the creature; some gentle divinity from Elysium, who has, at the moment when one first sees her always, just sat down amidst the quiet and peace.

The figure leans forward a little and the pensive head bends slightly, the silent hands are busy with a wreath of asphodel. The slight echoes of her soft steps seem to be lingering on the air still, at the moment when we look. There is the sense of a living presence; the sacred charm halts our steps, lest

we disturb. This seems to me the perfection of art. The work has classic simplicity without any evident effort in the attainment. The effect upon the beholder is a feeling of intense loneliness—a sense of spiritual isolation. It has the classic spirit, but it has the modern touch, the intellectual—the poetic interpretation. The power of impression in these two great works seems to me to be about equal. If there be any difference, the advantage is with the Partridge figure, because of the essential quality within the work, the indefinable and subtle charm of beauty.

Among the other things by Mr. Partridge there is a low-relief head of a woman which has all the



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PEACE STATUE

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE



KAUFFMANN MEMORIAL  
ROCK CREEK CEMETERY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE



## William Ordway Partridge

evanescent beauty of a moonbeam on a snowdrift. To contrast the manner of this lotus flower, breathing the whiteness of the dawn, with the rugged and tremendous force and power of his head of Lincoln, gives an idea of the wide range of his work. In the *Lincoln* we have the portrayal of the whole rugged life in all its stages and of the great soul of the man with all its hidden battles, its triumphs and its defeats. It is not within the province of art to beat and cuff the clay with a stronger or more comprehensive representation of life and character.

Of the same stamp is the equestrian *Grant*, in Brooklyn. This has the man horsed, in his manner, the captain who was so much more than captain. Horse and rider hold together as though they had been born so and never been otherwise even in sleep. That is a man's



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HAMLET

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE



CHARLES R. BAKER MEMORIAL  
GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

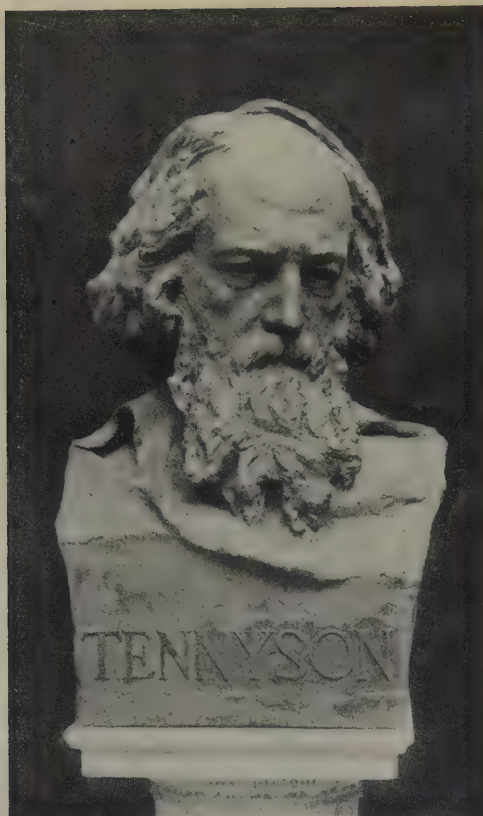


PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

PEACE HEAD  
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE



## *William Ordway Partridge*



*Property of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.*

TENNYSON

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

man on a man's horse, intent on a man's job and not bothering about the chicken's feathers and the brass band. That is the Grant whom the eager fates reached out anxiously to slap on the back.

The fine figure of *Peace* is supreme in its simple strength and dignity. Among the long list of busts, a list which includes the poets, those of Edward E. Hale, Tennyson, Carlyle, Eggleston, Whitman, Burns and Lincoln stand out as being of the best. With these should be mentioned the heroic figures of Nathan Hale, Hamilton, Shakespeare and Hamlet. This leaves a host still unmentioned even by name—Madonnas, angels, memorial figures, portraits and decorative studies.

There are three pieces which it seems well to consider in a group, the *Tennyson* bust, a *Brutus* and a head of *Fate*.

Very different they are in subject, but alike in that they all have the unlocalised, the world-wide touch. This head of Tennyson, Dr. Van Dyke

says, is the best portrait of the poet extant, but aside from being so fine a piece of portraiture, the head would have its value for the perceiving mind apart from the glamour of "Locksley Hall," "The Princess" and the "Idylls of the King." This is essentially the head of the music master of any age. The spirit's impatient, patient, battle with the eternal drag of material things is written on these features. That Tennyson fought the battle well is known in his long life, his great work. The record of the fight is written in this face.



CENTRAL FIGURE  
BAPTISTRY FONT  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER  
AND ST. PAUL  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM  
ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE



*Copyright, 1904, by William Ordway Partridge*

HOMER RECITING HIS ILIAD  
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE  
PROPERTY OF LEWIS STERNE, LONDON, ENGLAND



## William Ordway Partridge

The *Brutus*, while it represents to us the man as he must have lived, yet it is unlocalised. It is more the embodiment of revolt for all ages. The ancient toga is their tent; for us it wraps the figure as the mantle of modern tragedy. This man looks, indeed, to be the son of Cæsar.

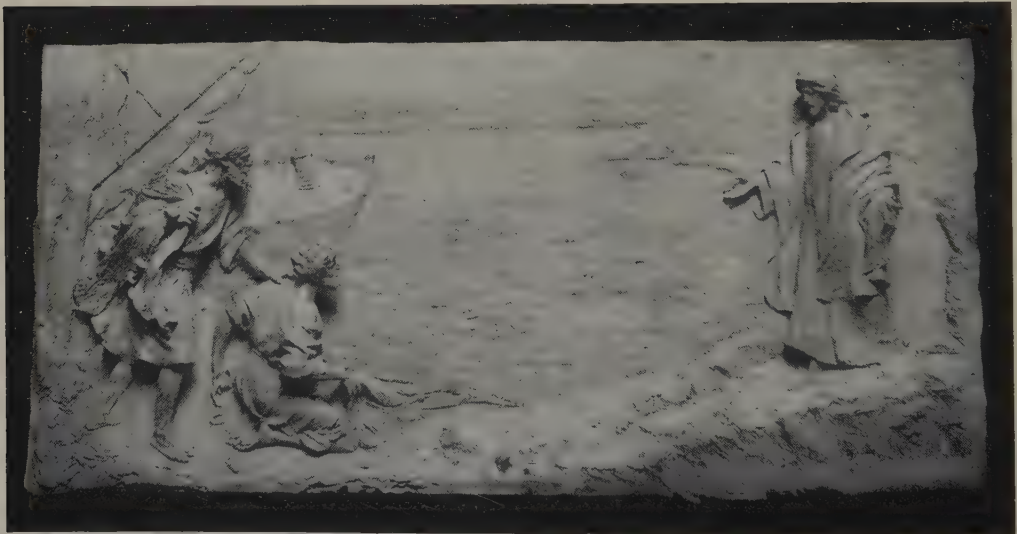
We come now to the head called *Fate*. This is the face of a creature quite removed from all

human vanity, removed from human sympathy, cold as the rocks of Caucasus. The shadowed eyes are hidden, but we know they are fixed upon the inevitable course. The ears are closed to all appeal and the cold features are unmoved by any emotions. There is no knitting of the brows, no swelling of the nostrils, no setting of the teeth nor compressing of the lips. This is the impassioned



NATIVITY  
BAPTISTRY FONT  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE



GALILEE  
BAPTISTRY FONT  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE



LAST SUPPER  
CHURCH OF EPIPHANY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE



## William Ordway Partridge



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MADONNA  
GIFT OF GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY  
TO MUSEUM OF THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE

BY WILLIAM  
ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

spirit which knows its own power, not to be swayed by threat or promise. This is not fate merely in relation to human hope and human desire. This is fate universal.

The Peace Head is perhaps intended as a preliminary study for the great Peace Statue. It is a head in marble, and it is so wonderfully wrought that even when standing close to it the ineffable beauty of the face seems to disclose itself through a veil, impalpable as the air. I can compare the effect with nothing except the white flame which we sometimes see within a cloud. A breathing light, changing with every instant. It is almost impossible to realise that these features do not move and change. Even in the strongest light the illusion remains and one feels that he is looking upon an impossibility, remembering that this mystery is wrought in unyielding marble. The subtle dis-

tingtion in the expression of this face shows the poetic gift, which distinguishes the sculptor. It has—not the expression of one *at* peace—consciously—within—but the look of one who bestows the gift of peace to others. The expression wavers betwixt smiling and weeping. It seems both in one; it is the breaking of a wave, the striking of a chord which holds the soul as by a spell. This one work, if all else were swept away, should be enough to establish the maker's fame. To say that this face is angelic would be mere commonplace. It is much more than that. The spiritual beauty is divinely human.

There is a head of Madonna shown at the salon '92, now in Brooklyn, which is in a sense the forerunner of the Madonna of the Pieta, at the Cathedral, New York. It has all the "bigness" that can be put into marble and it has such a feeling wrought into it that one neglects to think of it as a work of art and knows only that he is looking upon the Mother, the Mother of the Man, the Man from whose birth the days of our years are reckoned. In absolute simplicity it is classic. It is the woman of all ages, the woman whose heart of love is stronger

than even the mighty sorrow of the mother who has seen her son die on the cross. This noble work shows how fine in appreciation, how deeply penetrative is the mind that conceived it. In the treatment of the great subject nothing has been forgotten. Here is the breadth—the avoidance of trivialities—the strength which the purely critical view demands. This dead Christ is dead; this is the body of the man who died hanging upon the cross. The strained muscles of the arms recall those dreadful hours. We note all these things, feeling that they are nothing; so perfect is the art that they seem natural actualities, and we so accept them. It is, however, not exactly within the province of words to depict what we feel when we see the Mother's unconscious action, prompted by the hunger of her breaking heart, as she uplifts and holds the body with the head on her arm; we see the instinctive



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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

PIETA  
BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE



## William Ordway Partridge



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ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
BROOKLYN, N. Y. (1896)

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY  
PARTRIDGE

effort of her being to realise, in some sense, if only for a moment, some semblance of the life that is gone. It is the cry of the mother's heart, pitiful and pitying, over the son who she knows is dead. It is also the cry of the breast, the arms, the hands, which must feel once that he is alive. One looks at this group and there he realises, if never before, that what is human is divine.

LXXVIII

The low-relief head called *Dream* was shown at the Royal Academy in '92. This head is perhaps as near being the intangible essence of a vision as marble can be made to represent. The blendings are soft as those of the softest paintings. The image seems seeking to elude the eye, and makes its appeal to the perception and to the imagination. It is pure interpretation and shows the extremest nobility and lightness in touch.

There is a study—a head of an aged woman—called the *Mother of Rembrandt* (Berlin International Exhibition)—which is a human document absolutely without any reserve, and the insistent individuality of actual and living entity. It is a bit of bundled human life with the blood in it and all the senses alert and active. One feels that the little old woman knows what she knows—she has lived through all of it and is far from being done with it all. She is so real that you forget she is art and more than half expect her to turn her sharp eyes upon you and hold you up short in the midst of your remarks. This is the intimate art which lays hold on the living fibre of existence and brings us into touch with the actual human being who is not concerned about even the fragments of reserve. One is sure that this is an old lady who never can die in any true sense, and is glad of it, and one is well pleased to share her gladness.

The head of Commander Peary has “farthest north” and the ruffling of the Arctic winds written all over it. There are also the will, the patient endurance, the determination and the level look of the fighting eyes which belong to the explorer in all times.

Along with these there is a *Benjamin Franklin*. One cannot regard this head without smiling. Any moment, you feel sure, he may mop his forehead with a bandana and replace his hat; meanwhile you are actively conscious of the teeming brain inside that solid-looking head—a brain that is at work sizzling and fermenting, getting up schemes in a manner to circumvent the devil. This inimitable portrait is the work of a hand that knows its own cunning and when to let it loose.

In the head of “Fighting Joe” *Hooker* we have a face that would find actual comfort and peace in the scars of battle. The eyes have the straight and rivetting look that would disconcert a loaded brass cannon. These eyes are sustained and holstered in their sockets by cheek bones that flank the face like the steel jacket of a gun. The jaw is of a kind which seems to close and fasten with a lock and the lips have the hard firmness which would turn aside a canister shot and never crack a smile. This

## Practical Points on Wood-Carving

head is secured upon a neck that is like a locust post deeply rooted in the knotted and well-rounded trunk of a tight-bark hickory. This work presents forcibly the nature of the man who knows exactly where he is when he is in battle and wouldn't exchange his place for the throne of Solomon.

There is a recent and very admirable bust of *Maxim*, the man who has robbed the battle of its only beauty by inventing smokeless powder. There is also a brother who has made a perfect death dealing gun. Between these two war may be made so useless that their work will be a factor in the bringing of universal peace.

The new statue of *Alexander Hamilton* represents him as in the midst of impassioned speech. The

expression of the face, the lowering eyes and the enforcing gesture of the hand all combine to give a vivid, a vital presentment. This statue goes to Columbia College. For Yale is destined the *Nathan Hale*, a heroic statue which shows him on his way to the scaffold—that is, to the ladder and the tree. This is a finely sympathetic work, strong and full of feeling. It is the youthful patriot going cheerfully to his shameful death, regretting that he has but one life to give. No spectacle could be more impressive, and this presentment of Hale in his schoolmaster's garb, with his wrists roughly tied and with the light of his fearless spirit on his face, tugs at the heart as one looks and remembers. It is well that we should remember him and the days in which he lived—and died.



WINDOW-BOX  
CARVED IN MR. VON RYDINGSVÄRD'S CLASS

BY MRS. MORSE  
MANCHESTER INSTITUTE

### PRACTICAL POINTS ON THE ART OF WOOD-CARVING. BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD.

WOOD-CARVING is undoubtedly the oldest of all the arts. The first glimmering of desire for decoration seems to have found expression along the same lines among all the primitive peoples. Wood was the one medium easily procured by all, and we see the same combinations of curved and straight lines, in incised cutting, in the early work of all races, from the South Sea Islanders to the Alaskan Indians. Much of this work was coloured, and was very decorative, and even to-day we use many of the same designs in our chip-carving.

The gradual development of the Icelandic and Scandinavian forms of decoration, from their early hieroglyphics, has given us an extremely interesting style of ornament, composed of grotesque animal forms and entwining serpents.

The beautiful collections of wood-carving seen in museums all through Europe testify to the high esteem in which the art was held during the middle ages, and now the revival of interest in the handicrafts everywhere has brought it once more from the level of the factory to its proper place among the applied arts. Women especially are beginning to find that it is a most fascinating pastime, as well as a desirable occupation for those who wish to go into it seriously, either as teachers or producers.

The outfit is not expensive, the wood can be procured anywhere, and even the first work has a value, if suitable designs and objects for decoration are chosen—something that cannot be said for most other lines of art work. Moreover, there is a constant demand for teachers, as the art is now taught in nearly all of the higher grade schools, both public and private.

Those who are not so situated as to avail themselves of the services of a teacher can do a great deal



## *Practical Points on Wood-Carving*

alone by working regularly, while those who receive instruction accomplish much more with constant practice at home and lessons at intervals than those who work wholly under a teacher's guidance. Facility in handling the tools and an understanding of the grain of the wood can be acquired only by practice. Any carpenter can nail together a simple bench which will answer every purpose. It should be thirty-nine inches high for a person of average size, with a top two inches thick, and about twenty inches wide, projecting three inches in front to allow space for the clamps. The length depends on the amount of space available. The bench need not be of hardwood. Spruce will answer every purpose; but it must be heavy enough not to tip, and the legs should be at least three inches square, in order to give sufficient solidity. It is best to place it against a wall so that it cannot slide, and in front of a window, if possible. If a workshop is lacking, the bench



CHAIR CARVED  
IN MR. VON  
RYDINGSVARD'S CLASS

BY MISS VARICK  
MANCHESTER  
INSTITUTE



MAGAZINE-STAND  
CARVED IN MR. VON  
RYDINGSVARD'S CLASS

BY MISS PARKER  
MANCHESTER  
INSTITUTE

is not an objectionable piece of furniture in any room. It can be covered with a cloth when not in use, and a sheet spread on the floor will catch the chips.

The outfit of tools should be selected with great care. There are dozens of different shapes and sizes for which a beginner has no use. Twelve are enough to begin with. These can be added to in advanced work. A good selection to start with is as follows: one each of number one, size five-eighths of an inch; number two, half inch; number three, one-eighth, three-eighths and five-eighths; number five, quarter and half inch; number seven, five-eighths; number nine, one-quarter; number ten, three-eighths; number eleven, one-eighth; and number forty-five, one-quarter inch. The numbers refer to the shape of the cutting end of the tool and the

## *Practical Points on Wood-Carving*

fractions to its width. Addis's English tools are the best, and they should be of full size. Ready for use, they cost from thirty-five cents to a dollar and a half each, averaging about fifty cents apiece for the sizes most used.

When sold in the stores they are neither handled nor sharpened, and as the best tool is easily spoiled in grinding, this is an important point. They must be ground with square ends, and an inside bevel, otherwise they cannot be used on both sides, and there will be constant annoyance from nicking and breaking off corners.

The safest way is to have them ground by a practical wood-carver. After they are once put in proper condition, it is easy to keep them so. For this one needs a medium grade Arkansas oilstone and two slip stones of medium and small size.

For the finishing touch, there must be a leather strop which has been treated with mutton tallow and emery powder. If the edge of the slip stone is too thick to be used on the inside of the smaller tools, it can be reduced by rubbing it on a sheet of number two sandpaper. Oil is used to lubricate the stones, kerosene being preferable to a thick oil like sperm, as the stones are more easily cleaned after its use.

Two five-inch carriage clamps and a medium-sized round dogwood mallet complete the outfit.

The next step is to choose the object for decoration and the design, and it is here that the beginner nearly always makes a mistake. Whatever the object may be, have it simple in outline and honest in construction, something which will last for centuries if need be. Do not depend upon glue and nails, for glue will give way, and nails will pull out, as those who buy some of the cheaply constructed furniture of the present day find to their cost. One cannot do better than to go back, for a model, to the old days, when tenons and wooden pegs were the chief reliance of the builder of furniture.

The woods most used in this country for carving are mahogany and oak. Pine is preferred by some on account of its softness, but it splits so easily that it is difficult for a beginner to handle, and it is only suitable for work which is to be finished with paint or gilding. There is so much difference in the quality of wood that it is better to select it personally. If mahogany is chosen, that with a straight, even grain is best for cutting. The beautiful markings seen on some mahogany are caused by a waving in the grain which makes it extremely



CHEST CARVED IN THE KARL VON  
RYDINGSVARD SCHOOL

BY MISS HETTA  
L. H. WARD



## *Practical Points on Wood-Carving*

to be stained, there are a number of preparations on the market which are easily applied, but, whether coloured or not, wood-carving should never be finished with a high polish, as the reflected lights will destroy the effect of the work. Both oak and mahogany will darken with age, if one has the patience to wait. An application of equal parts of boiled linseed oil and turpentine will hasten the process, and will, if repeated, in time give a fine, hard finish, which nothing else equals.

In no other way is the increasing interest in the handicrafts more plainly shown than in the growing number of people who have taken up the art of wood-carving and in the improved quality of the work which is now being done. Many New York women have work in their homes which compares favourably with anything which can be seen in the collections in museums. A most interesting chest has recently been completed by Miss Hetta L. H. Ward, of Newark, N. J., as a gift to her brother, Dr. William Ward. As he is an authority on old seals and cylinders, the decorations have been taken from some of the most famous ones of Babylonia and neighbouring countries. The front shows two seals of the earliest Babylonian period, one of them containing the name of Targon I, whose date is usually placed at 8300 B. C., in which Gilgarmish, identified with the Biblical Nimrod, is giving water from a spouting vase to a buffalo. In the other Gilgarmish is fighting a lion.

The two ends of the chest are from Assyrian seals of about 700 B. C. and show the contests of winged

gods with the winged monsters which represent evil powers.

On the cover are Persian designs. One is from the famous seal of Darius, in which the king is seen in his chariot, killing lions. The other shows two winged monsters, supporting the divine emblem of the winged solar disk, while between them is the moon god. The borders are all of corresponding periods, showing cattle, monstrous genii, the sacred tree, the winged disk, palmettes and rosettes.

Another ambitious piece of carving has just been completed by Miss Emily Slade, who has recently built a summer home in Windsor, Vt. In the large hall is a reproduction of the stairway in Cluny Museum, Paris, for which she has done all of the carving. The newel post shows a female head and bust, ending in lion's paws, with acanthus scrolls, and the long string-pieces are heavily enriched with decorations of fruit and flowers, with ribbon festoons. Such a piece of work as this would have been considered utterly impossible for a woman to accomplish twenty years ago. Interest in wood-carving is not by any means confined to the younger generation alone. Many society women in New York have taken it up as a pastime, some of them well past middle life, and have accomplished surprisingly good work.

The Institute of Arts and Science in Manchester, N. H., has probably the largest and most enthusiastic classes in wood-carving to be found in this country. Its art section is endowed, and is unique in that all of the classes are open to any respectable

person in the State, on payment of the yearly fee of three dollars, this being the only expense, except for tools and materials. A stranger who had the privilege of entering the homes of the city would be astonished at the number of pieces of beautiful carved furniture contained in them.

In closing, a word as to the healthfulness of wood-carving as an occupation may not be amiss. Like everything else, it can be overdone, but unless a person has some trouble which prevents standing, an hour or two at the bench every day will do a great deal to strengthen and develop the muscles of the arms, shoulders and back, as well as providing a pleasant mental stimulus, which is equally beneficial. It is a distinct advantage to any one to



SHAPING  
ILLUSTRATION FROM  
"PRACTICAL WOOD-CARVING"

BY ELEANOR  
ROWE

## *Recent Books on Wood-Carving*

have an interest in some work outside of the regular routine, and one which gives such tangible and satisfactory results deserves to become better known.

### **R**ECENT BOOKS ON WOOD-CARVING

A SERIES of examples of patterns from oak furniture of the Jacobean period is presented in Margaret F. Malim's "Old English Wood-Carving Patterns" (John Lane Company, New York). The publication is a large portfolio containing reproductions of facsimile drawings from rubbings, and is designed especially for teachers, students and classes. Thirty examples are shown on twenty plates. That reproduced herewith in reduced size is a pattern for a panel taken from a court cupboard, the strip at the side being an edging and that at the top from the base of a chair. The plates measure 9 x 13 inches, and are printed on stout paper, all folds being reinforced with cloth. Miss Malim writes in her introductory note:

"The amateur wood-carver who has learnt to handle his tools with some success is confronted with two practical difficulties: what to carve and how to carve it. It is of the greatest importance to get possession of good patterns suited to the capabilities of the carver. Of course, all workers should be encouraged to make their own designs as soon as possible, but many who are not good draughtsmen are often quite at a standstill for want of designs which they can copy or adapt. My own experience in holding carving classes has

led me to the conclusion that there is great demand for a book of simple, good designs, which may be of use both to teachers and to pupils who may wish to work on by themselves.

"In such classes there is a tendency to attempt too ambitious work, with such lamentable results as may often be seen in local exhibitions. It is the greatest mistake for a pupil who has had little or no artistic training to attempt to carve a design which involves much modelling. We cannot expect to find a well-trained eye and a highly developed sense of form among those who have had few opportunities of learning drawing or modelling;



ILLUSTRATION (REDUCED)  
FROM "OLD ENGLISH WOOD-CARVING PATTERNS"

BY MARGARET F.  
MALIM



## Recent Books on Wood-Carving



ILLUSTRATION (REDUCED)  
FROM "WOOD-CARVING DESIGNS"

BY MURIEL MOLLER

me every help and encouragement in taking the rubbings."

Another publication along similar lines is issued by the same house under the title "Wood-Carving Designs." This quarto portfolio comprises thirty-one working drawings, on six sheets, measuring each 22 x 31 inches, by Muriel Moller. A foreword is contributed by Walter Crane. The drawings show panels, frames, portions for book-cases, oak chests, spinning chairs, medicine cupboards, fuel boxes, hall-seats, stick racks, etc. A sheet of drawings is added showing plans and photographs of furniture suitable to treatment with these designs. The drawing reproduced in reduced size, part of sheet number three, shows one of five small panels for an oak chest or hall-seat. Mr. Crane says in his foreword:

but wood-carving classes are an excellent means of training both eye and hand, if the instruction is carefully graduated.

"While I was wishing to collect a number of patterns at once simple and yet good and complete of their kind, it occurred to me that we have a store ready to hand in the old oak furniture of the Jacobean period. The craftsmen of that time confined themselves almost entirely to a flat form of decoration, and depended for effect upon good curves and proportions, intricate arrangements of intersecting lines and, above all, upon a most ingenious variety of gouge cuts and ornamental punch marks. These simple designs afford admirable material for training the eye and gaining facility in handling the tools. In most cases the carving is grounded out to any depth varying from one-sixteenth to a quarter of an inch, leaving the design in relief, though some instances will be found in the adjoining plates in which the design is merely incised. All the patterns given in this portfolio have been collected from genuine pieces of old oak furniture from various parts of the country, through the courtesy of the owners, who have given

"Miss Muriel Moller is an accomplished carver in wood who has also had extensive experience in teaching the craft; but, as she is relinquishing the latter side of her work, it occurred to her that an endeavour to impart to others some of the results of her practice might not be unwelcome, and that a selection of working designs of her own, which have been actually carried out, would be acceptable to amateurs as well as those engaged in class teaching.

"Miss Moller is doubtless more accomplished with her chisel than with the pen, but, in drawing the sheets of patterns which fill the accompanying folio, she has had in view the need of a clearly defined outline of design for the purpose of tracing onto the wood for the carver and, beyond the main features, has not attempted sections, leaving the amount of relief to be illustrated by the photographs from the finished work attached to the designs.

"A useful feature is the sheet of the elevations to scale of executed furniture designs which accompany the patterns and indicate the position and relation of the carved work in use. It has been rather the bane of modern wood-carving to have

## Recent Books on Wood-Carving

been often conceived and worked without any relation to the constructive woodwork of which it must form a part.

"Three of the diamond-shaped panels were exhibited at our last Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and are admirable examples of Miss Moller's work."

A manual is provided by Eleanor Rowe in her volume "Practical Wood-Carving" (John Lane Company, New York). The author, who has been for twenty years manager of the School of Art Wood-Carving, South Kensington, and has already published the useful volumes, "Hints on Wood-Carving," "Hints on Chip-Carving," "French Wood-Carvings from the National Museums," etc., describes her latest work as "a book for the student, carver, teacher, designer and architect." The illustrations from photographs number 114. In addition fifty-five line drawings are reproduced of old and modern examples, including an original sketch by the late Randolph Caldecott.

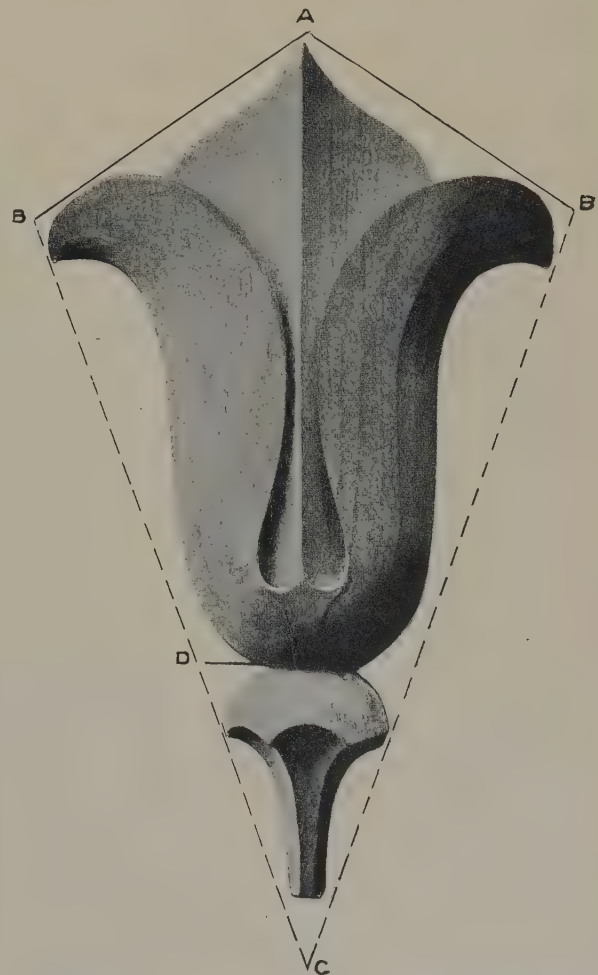
In the preliminary chapters full discussion is given of such points as the wood-carver's outfit, including bench, methods of fixing, tools, grindstone, etc.; the various woods used by the carver with the manner of mounting the wood; construction, including the use of mortise and tenon joints, mitre joint, preparation of panels, frames, stiles, rails, muntins, chests, stools, fireplaces, cradles, towel rollers, hymn boards, boxes, bellows, etc. The cuts produced by the various tools are explained in a chapter on "The Outcome of the Tool," consideration being given to the varieties known as the champfer, the V groove, the hollow, etc., with remarks on gouge cut patterns, French moulding and Italian styles. The author then describes the methods of flat carving and strap-work in low relief, explaining how the pattern is set out and the various ways of removing the ground, with special applications to panels, chest fronts, mouldings, overdoors, coffers, chairs, pilasters, pedals and boxes. In high relief an example of the five-lobed leaf is carried through progressive stages as is the trefoil, and undercutting and free ornament are explained.

With this introduction the author proceeds to a full exposition of tracery, symbolism and mouldings of the Gothic style, Renaissance and Jacobean mouldings, Renaissance carving in general, lettering, and pierced carving, adding a final chapter on "Treatment and Design." The book is provided with a glossary and indexes to illustrations and text. In her preface the author writes:

"The success of my two small handbooks, 'Hints on Wood-Carving' and 'Hints on Chip-

Carving,' has encouraged me to offer to the public a more comprehensive book on the subject, showing the evolution of wood-carving from the simple gouge-pattern to the elaborate Renaissance panel. My long connection with the School of Art Wood-Carving has given me exceptional opportunities of seeing a great variety of carving executed, and of observing the difficulties which beset the numerous students, for whose training I was in a measure responsible.

"The student who is compelled to learn wood-carving without the assistance of a master will find in this book, it is hoped, all the information requisite for beginning his studies. A series of illustrations is given showing the carver at work, as well as examples of carving in progressive stages. In addition to the practical work there are a number of illustrations of old carved work. The



TREFOIL  
ILLUSTRATION FROM  
"PRACTICAL WOOD-CARVING"

BY ELEANOR  
ROWE



## *The Exhibition of the Ten American Painters*

various points of interest have been indicated to the student, so that he may study the work of past and present craftsmen with more system, and consequently with greater profit, than is usually the case.

"The carver and the teacher who have already gained some facility with their tools will, it is hoped, find in the analysis of the old examples suggestions which may be further developed. The designer by being made acquainted with the practical details of the craft should understand better what effects may better be obtained by the wood-carver and what necessitates an undue amount of work. The architect, it is hoped, will be led to consider the simple styles of wood-carving, and be induced to include more carving in his buildings.

"I cannot accept the assertion that every carver must design his own work, or that the study of historic styles is unnecessary or cramping to the student's individuality.

"It has been impossible in the present work to arrange the examples chronologically, but it is hoped in a subsequent volume to treat the subject from the historic side. As an assistance to the student, a table is given on the classification of the English styles, covering the period of the old examples illustrated. It must always be borne in mind that the evolution from one style to another was very gradual, and that there was usually a period of transition, not infrequently of long duration. In some places the change took place much later than in others, so that there is often an overlapping of styles.

"Mr. Francis Bond in his 'Gothic Architecture in England' objects to the arbitrary classifications which have hitherto prevailed and there is no doubt that they are most misleading; but with the limited knowledge of architecture possessed by the average student of wood-carving, and the necessity of curtailing the classification, I have thought it better to keep, for the Gothic, to the popular nomenclature—the one likely to be familiar to the student. I have also included the popular names in the Renaissance period."

### CURRENT ART EVENTS

AN EXHIBITION of jewellery, ceramics, pottery, textiles and other handicraft products was held during the past month by the National Society of Craftsmen, in its galleries, in the National Art Club Studios, 119 East Nineteenth Street, New York. The results

of the exhibition were considered most satisfactory. The New York Society of Ceramic Arts held its annual exhibition at the same time in the National Art Club Galleries, and many persons took the opportunity to visit both exhibitions. The sales were good, and many new friends were made among the visitors.

The National Society of Craftsmen was started only last autumn. Taking a set of rooms in the Art Club Studios, it held its first exhibition there beginning December 3, 1906, and lasting two weeks. Of course, it met with the usual obstacles and difficulties of new enterprises. But in spite of the immense work of starting such an undertaking, it made an interesting showing of the products of craftsmen from all over the United States, its visitors were numerous and its sales were encouraging.

Since last December, the society has been slowly but evidently growing. It has added a number of new members to its list, and has now nearly two hundred professional workers in its ranks. About one-half of these are women. At its exhibition of last month nearly one thousand new objects of artistic handicraft were shown. The new pieces cover each field of work that was represented before, but there is an improvement in the quality, and some of the departments have been enlarged.

### THE EXHIBITION OF THE TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS BY DAVID LLOYD

THE customary formula for appreciating the shows of the Ten American Painters calls for equal parts of joyousness and light. In origin, the formula is supposed to be half Matthew Arnold, though this has not yet been fully determined, with a trace of the current idea of paganism. What made the pagan so joyous, short of being discovered and admired by the Christian world, is a question. But leaving the formula for any one who is qualified to analyse it, the Ten, though they should certainly be happy men, taking pleasure in their work, do not appear to intend that their canvases should all wear the smile that won't come off. For that matter, they are not so incessantly concerned with the sun; and, when they are, plenty of other painters are to be found represented on the walls of other exhibitions who know enough to come in when it rains. It is very nearly time for another formula, if we must have one.

Some of the joyousness, it may be, is to be laid to the credit of the visitor. It is the length that kills,

## *The Exhibition of the Ten American Painters*

as Stevenson said. The exhibits at the Montross Gallery this year just missed a total of thirty. The collection is in point of size like the suspenders Lincoln used to compare his opponent's platform to in political debate, neither too large nor too small. The visitor can look at it with some self-possession. The walls of the exhibitions that number their hundreds of entries stare the visitor out of countenance. If we were not thoroughly accustomed to large exhibitions by this time, we should never put up with them, except for special purposes supplementary to a first view. Imagine reading over a couple of hundred poems at a sitting or sitting through as many solos at the opera house! On Franklin's theory, apparently, that we must all hang together or all separately, the usual alternative is the one-man show, which has its obvious sanction and its positive welcome, but which has its disadvantages also. For in the aggregate it is cumbersome and dissipates the effect of personality. Moreover, this aggregate, the recollection of a season's train of one-man shows, falls readily of itself into distinctive groups. Can it

be that there are not another dozen men painting to-day who would be mutually agreeable? The Ten, so far from being conspicuous for an amiable assertiveness in banding together, as many people even to this moment continue to regard them, have merely pointed the way to the only satisfactory method for being seen and not heard in unseemly institutional wrangling. They deserve to be emulated in their adoption of the motto of the Trolls in "Peer Gynt"—to yourselves be enough.

The larger exhibition this year has had precedence in including two of the striking canvases of this group. At the Corcoran Gallery, indeed, they carried away the first and second prizes. Mr. Metcalf's *May Night* was reproduced in our March issue. It was hung to better advantage in the smaller gallery. It gives the aspect of moonlight that fills the chinks and spaces of the country with a cool quiet, or in the terms of the standing formula, an unaccustomed sun with the wicks turned low and the heat left out and a corresponding inability to bring the ether up to the required number of vibra-



FISH STILL LIFE  
PROPERTY OF COTTIER & CO.

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE



## *The Exhibition of the Ten American Painters*

tions per second for the usual colours. The air of ease is echoed in the disposition of the figures, trailing over the lawn or seated against the pillar, making the night out of doors habitable and secluded, and, for all the seductive touch of lamplight from within, the more inviting.

Frank W. Benson's painting *Against the Sky*, which, in turn, was marked out for especial attention by taking the silver medal at the Corcoran, has as an essay in light been regarded as of rather technical interest. In point of fact, one might think that this canvas should be of a decidedly popular order, bright noon colours dancing about a pleasing head that disregards them. Perhaps, though, the lady is not altogether unaware that the flaring background is becoming. At any rate the stiff breeze does not ruffle her gentle, good humour in the least. If this is a mere gleeful demonstration of skill with tube and brush, several things have happened by accident. Mr. Hassam's girl against the window is a companion piece in a different temper. Here is

sunlight practising scales. And it is pointed out that the lady's gown and hair and garden are painted in a similar fashion. This is confusing. Everybody knows that in nature a face stands out from its background like a brass knocker on a door; especially when there's music in the air visual images are sharp, the boundaries of form are material and distinct. So in this and in another canvas *The Bowl of Nasturtiums*, where the thin curtain behind the figure, also at a window, does not immediately adjust itself in the eye to the statutory three feet behind required by the Manual of Arms for Picture Exhibitions, Mr. Hassam is manifestly confronting us with a theory. What on earth can we do but have back at him with a formula? For my own part, I don't know that I quite appreciate why all visible surfaces, when represented with a brush, should be shown by a sort of cross-hatching. But when it is done, it is well that it be done splendidly. There was the instance of the sculptors of Assyria who insisted on endowing their bulls not only with



THE MUSIC-ROOM

BY CHILDE HASSAM



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CHARLES G. GLOVER PRIZE, 1907  
PROPERTY OF THOMAS F. COLE, ESQ.

AGAINST THE SKY  
BY FRANK W. BENSON



## *The Exhibition of the Ten American Painters*



SUMMER

BY J. ALDEN WEIR

wings but with five legs. The creatures of Egypt got along on four, but, at their own game, the Assyrian bulls are hard to beat.

Mr. Weir, who also lays on his colour in lines, showed an interesting girl against a rock. But he varies the process. He is apt to halt at the short separated stroke when it comes to face or hands. Such a combination of the two methods makes an interesting contrast with the sustained choice of one or the other. In Mr. Benson's girl against the sky and Mr. Hassam's girls against the windows we have a sense of the flesh. In Mr. Dewing's girls against the screen we go further to the prominence of bone, though this is not an affair of the brush. In the face of Mr. Weir's girl against a rock, we have,

perhaps, more of a surface only, the skin. Possibly these two modes of rendering are mutually destructive in effect and are not to be mixed. Yet Mr. Reid sometimes reverses Mr. Weir by reserving for modeling the flesh a use of a modified line stroke. Mr. Weir is pleased at times to lay aside the multiple stroke entirely, as in his deep-toned woodland idyll, *Early Morning*.

However much one may belabour the established formula, there is no gainsaying the fact that there is sunlight in Mr. Weir's more characteristic example entitled *Summer*. That is the difficulty in contradicting the formula; sunlight is so often found in these outdoor subjects. Here, to be sure, it is filtered through a screen of woods so that the



THE VIOLETS  
BY ROBERT REID



## The Exhibition of the Ten American Painters

whole scene is thrown into a cool, purple shadow. But no doubt if it were not for the sun there would be no shadow. It is the season when the poor whimpering hound trembles to keep awake and the maiden's busy fingers embroider four square inches of pansies in the course of ninety days. A transcript of a season partly overlapping this one, the time when new-cut hay gets itself incontinently drenched by thunder storms, is presented in Mr. Weir's *Landscape*. In this, too, the sunlight has to be admitted. There is enough of it to produce the sort of haze that Twachtman was fond of studying.

There was sun to be found in other corners. Mr. Benson's *Boats in Sunlight*, a view across an indentation of the shore taken from the beach, with the horizon high, might be held, and with some authority, too, from the title, a sheer study of the kaleidoscopic effect of light reflected from various

planes, unless one were obstinate enough to suggest its being a study in colour of small, choppy wave motion. Mr. Metcalf has painted two canvases by daylight in his delightful Johnny Cake Hill manner, the sunlight in one case falling over his shoulder to a hilltop oak in bud; in the other shining almost in his eyes through the interior of a second-growth woods. There was also a glimpse from the sea of the Cape Cod sand bluffs seen in a pearly cast of day with the sun low, by Edward Simmons. He was slimly represented. The rest of the exhibits, about half, though it be said timorously and in a whisper, were marked by the studio light.

Mr. De Camp in his portrait, *Sally*, paints with full sweep of his brush. He mixes vigour in his paint, and lays on with definite, outspoken grip. The *Woman Braiding Her Hair* is doing it with some force. One imagines that if after completing

her toilet she were to drop in for a cup of tea with the three ladies who are interesting themselves in the parrot in Mr. Dewing's canvas, *Le Jaseur*, her mere entrance would give them a nervous shock, which they would raise their brows and shrug their shoulders over for a week after.

Mr. Reid gives his figures vitality without quite the same insistence on fact. The work has a masculine sincerity and seriousness. It is assured, too, as from the touch of a brush that keeps itself incessantly in practise. Beyond this he seems to be always experimenting, alert for effects of pattern; interested as a worker in glass is



SALLY

BY JOSEPH DECAMP





NEW ENGLAND INTERIOR  
(UNFINISHED)  
BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



## The Exhibition of the Ten American Painters



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LE JASEUR

BY T. W. DEWING

sure to be in bringing the picture up toward the plane of the canvas for such decorative effects as the *Fantasy*; intent on carefully considered schemes of colour, as in the somber cast of autumn leafage in this painting or the interplay across the spectrum of violet tones and the warm glow of lamplight in the painting here reproduced.

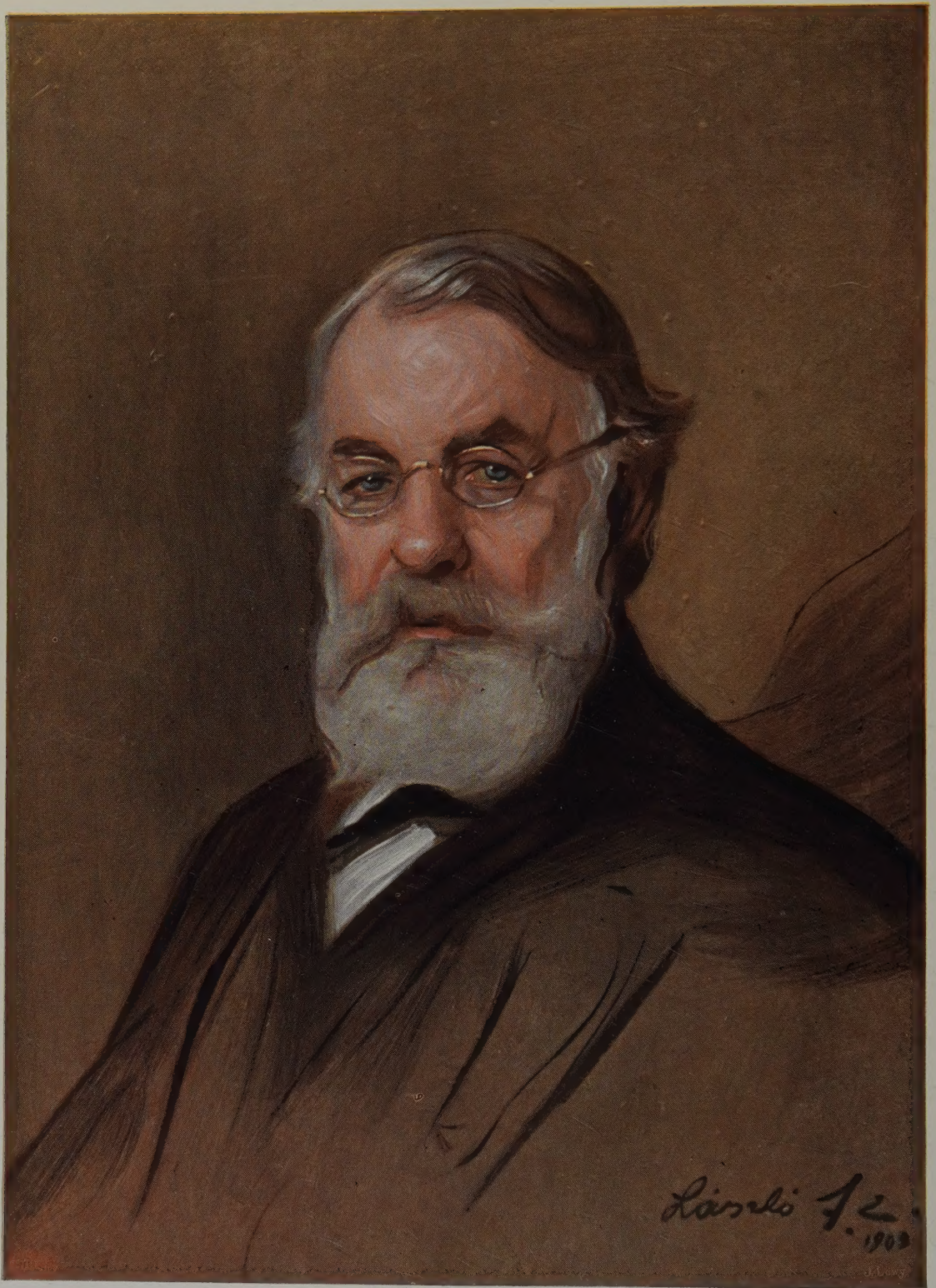
Mr. Chase contributed a still life, remarkable for a trait, rare in this sort of work, the air of ease with which the observation of minute niceties of effect is sustained. He showed also a landscape, *Flying Clouds*, and, as did Mr. Benson, a portrait. Mr. Tarbell's fine *Interior* was catalogued as "unfinished." One of the most interesting of the Ten, he exhausted his stock this year by his one-man show. This was all very well in itself, but it must not be allowed to continue or he will pervert the supposed principle I have assumed above to commend.

Mr. Dewing's three paintings carry the usual marks of his charm. His canvases are studied from a land where it is always afternoon and informal evening dress always *de rigueur*; where the furniture and the ladies are slim; where the ornaments of a room are kept stored away and displayed to view in Japanese fashion, singly or in pairs, only a few at a time; where panelled screens extend their panels in indeterminate series and a subdued and iridescent light makes its entry without windows, while a keen and poignant languor pervades the secluded air. In this delectable retreat no breezes ever blow, the sun remains obedient to the command of Joshua, the cares of hasty days never ruffle the even tenour of meditation or accidents interrupt the sprightly quiet of æsthetic pleasures; and here the eye becomes aware that the world is beautifully fashioned of mother-of-pearl and that, creation once complete, man was intended for repose.









PORTRAIT OF DR. JOACHIM. BY P. A. LÁSZLÓ.